SONIC LIFE!!
DEC./MAR. ISSUE,
£1·60
ALAN SMITH. '88.

SONIC MARCH HAIR ISSUE

BLAST FIRST

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TELEPHONE 969 8866 • TELEX 268623 MUTE G • FAX 960 4689

"Yep,it's late.It's a tradition,indeed it's the whole Blast First ethic.But as this is a double issue half of it is sort of on time.If your a subscriber you'll have noticed that you've a free rec' w/ this,if your not - no rec'.But there are a few knocking 'round the place so if your quick and send off Two pounds (Inc' p&p) we'll zoom one over to your hep home quicker than you can say Paul Smith.Said disc features A young man from Northampton Dinosaur Jnr's Lou Barlow, plus a totally exclusive BIG STICK track .Extremely rare shit,so have an investment against inflationary devaluation or something...Send off now.May the force be with you."

Richard Nixon.

errrrrrrrrrrr.Fuck,wrong button.Stupid bloody competition time.We've got a few Buttholes t-shirts lying around.To get ya paws on one,uggest a few names for the trax upon the Hairway disk.Winners decided mirth wise.Answers on a postcard to Sonic Life, Blue Peter Competition.The room full of boxes.Mute 429 Harrow road,London.

FOR PEACE OF MIND, FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS

ILLUSTRATION Yanna Trance.

STUFF

BYRON PART.
RUBEN PART.
ART PART.
MOGSTERS.
GUNS AND ROSES.
WIERD PART.
EVIL EDWIN.
LYDIA DISCO.
A.C.TEMPLE On crime watch.
DINO' Tour thing.
etc.etc.etc.

Page numbers ha,they're for cubes(3D Squares ,man.)
OH, do feel free to send in as much stuff as you want, we'll try and use it.

Contributors

CATH CARROL
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BOB MONKHOUSE

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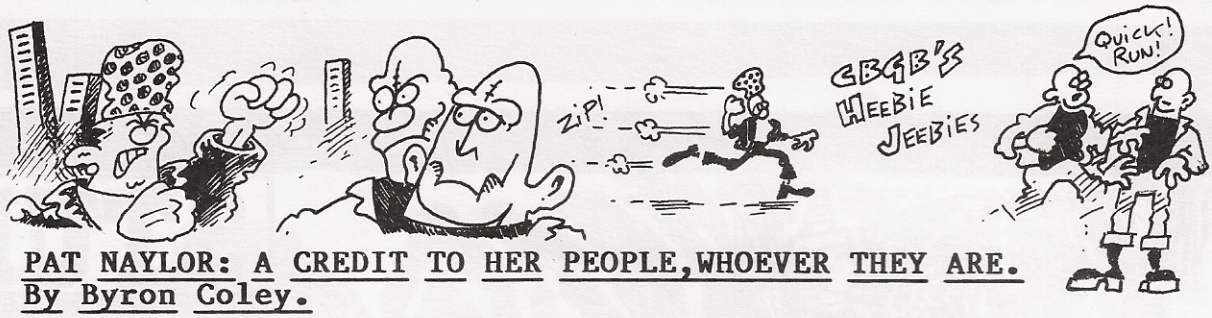


PAT NAYLOR: A CREDIT TO HER PEOPLE,WHOEVER THEY ARE.

By Byron Coley.

I was walking past CBGBs one night,minding my own damn business,when the door to the place busted open and a big old skinhead came flying out onto the sidewalk.It looked pretty great --six and a half feet of tattooed blubber and denim sailing sideways through the Manhattan air --but what I saw next was truly astounding.Standing in the club's doorway,rubbing her hands together like a cartoon boxer,was a blonde-haired pipsqueak wearing a foot tall white cloth cap with red polka dots.She slowly strode up to the prone skinhead and started kicking his belly in counterpoint to a five word lecture she delivered in a rather loud voice,
"DON'T! FUCK! FUCK! WITH! MY! HAT!"

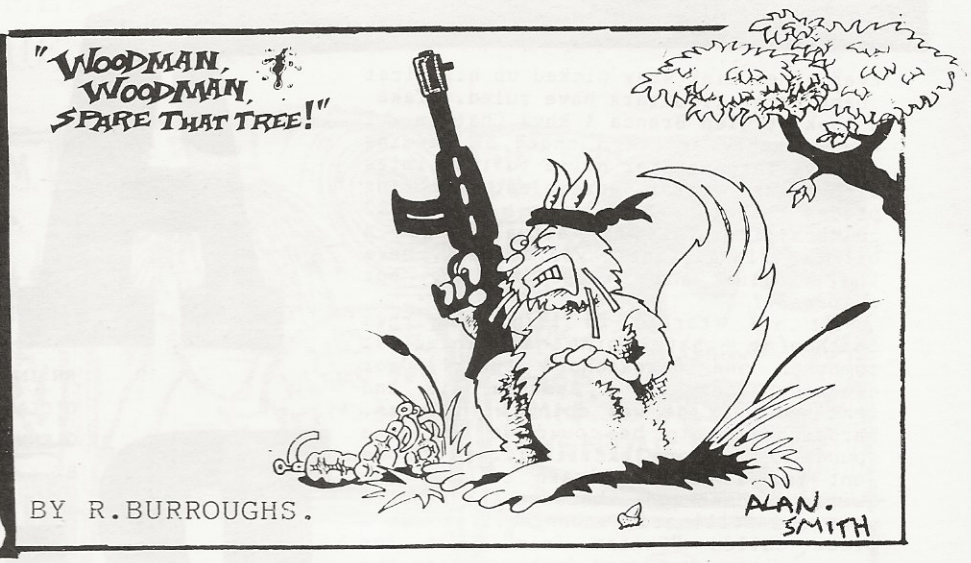
Frankly,I was flabbergasted.I stood rooted,about fifteen feet from the attack,with my mouth hanging open 'till she turned in my direction and asked,"What are you looking at?" Something about the way her cap swayed when she asked the question made me snicker and I hadn't even really begun to laugh when strong hands grabbed my leather jacket and ripped it neatly off my back.It happened so fast I didn't really know what was going on 'till my jacket was laying shredded on the sidewalk and she was walking away,yelling, "Paul! Get your ass out here!" A spindly little guy came scooting out the door,she cuffed him behind the ear and they walked off into the night.As the pair passed under a street lamp,I could see that the massive steel studs on the back of her jacket spelled out KRAY FUCKIN' CHERUBS.

That was Pat Naylor.

Later I became a writer.I wanted to write something about Sonic Youth and called their record label to try and set up an interview.A very abrasive woman answered the phone and said that if I wanted to do an interview.I'd have to pass the Blast First physical test first.I was a bit leery,but the interview was a priority so I went over.The woman turned out to be Pat. The session was brutal.First I had to strip and do forty push-ups while Pat,Paul and Anna all stood on my back and recited some of Lee Ranaldo's poetry.Then I had to eat three light bulbs.Then I had to do a mimed biography of Steve Albini boyhood in Montana while four Swiss journalists took notes.After all this,Pat said that I didn't have "the stuff" to interview Sonic Youth.I got so pissed off I called her a shrimp and she threw me out of the (third story) window so fast I thought I'd grown wings.

Since I've been in the hospital recuperating I've thought about her a lot.She's pretty tough,but if you got a good jump on her you could probably knock her down.She richly deserves that sorta comeuppance.Then again,the Kray Cherubs' single sounds pretty good so she can't be all bad.Edwin says she makes the rest of the band eat lightbulbs all the time,but they've gotten used to it now.So I guess she's really taught them an important lesson and made them stronger.Which is good,right? Right.

Pat Naylor -- she's okay.If only she didn't wear that stupid hat all the time.



BY R.BURROUGHS.

I think most people are now aware of the state of our planet, and only those with cash to make from its plunder can remain somewhat unconcerned.But'cycles, cycles life goes in cycles' are wit,which means eventually sanity will prevail.

An example of this arose in my native black country a couple of years ago when one of the last working farm was purchased by the local 'mafia' twins and turned into a grotesque U.S. style shopping centre complete with ten screen cinema! Opposition was great but came too late to stop the violation.

Since then the local authorities have been pressured to "think green man".For over a year i've been involved in the greening up of the black country.During this time i've planted thousands of trees,wild flowers(not weeds),laid hedges,coppiced redundant woodlands,built ponds,established woodlands and consequently created pockets of habitats,for the benefit of wildlife,education and personal satisfaction. The amount of positive feedback we encountered on my 'green tours' is enough to convince me that atrocity breeds respect.Its just a pity the that the atrocities can't be avoided in the first place and that there are plenty more to come.

Getting involved in practical conservation is simple and i guarantee it is not all lentils and flares.Local groups are plentiful and if you've got a garden to your squat-you can start there.Recently i claimed my next door neighbours adjoining garden.Already i've sewn a wild flower meadow and healthy steaming compost heap(essential for organic gardining).I plan to make a butterfly garden with rich nector bearing plants to encourage our depleted butterfly numbers.I've planted a hawthorn hedge(the berries essentialfor birds and denseness as cover for small mammals and birds against raptors).A pile of rotting logs is home for various fungis and insects.Rocks will provide damp amphibian quarters.I hope to attract hedgehogs to my pugent compost and the local forces to my pond.

A simple bird table has encouraged a variety of birds,including a marauding Sparrowhawk in search of quarry.Bird boxes are roosting stops and eventually breeding boxes.Bats are finding their natural habitats threatened so i provide them with bat boxes(gothic conservationists should already have these).Holes drilled into mortar will attract solitary mason bees.The list goes on.....

My gargen is small but the potential is enormous.If you haven't got a garden,claim a piece of derelict land its there to be used so use it well.

Should you require any info on conservation groups/matters or wildlife gardening write to me through GREEN FIRST.

I'll sign off in the words of Thomas Fuller.- "The tree is no sooner down,but everyone runs for his hatchet".

Also we've got 15 (From an edition of 100 **ONLY**) silk screens of a Gary Panter/ Savx team up completely ideological unsound and completely under priced.£2.00 + 50p p&p = £2.50 Hurry,hurry hurry with fish like majesty.Your moneys safe with evvvil Ed.

ART BURN

AN INTRO TO THE DAFFY WORLD O'CLASSICAL AVANT-GARDE ALA GLENN BRANCA & RHYS CHATHAM

BY..... Tom Irving

Ever sinec Link Wray picked up his first Danelectro...Guitars have ruled...Take a look at Glen Branca & Rhys Chatham...They probably strike a chord as seeming to have taken guitar noise to its limits with mass guitar ensembles...(scoring pieces for as many as 17 guitars!!!)...This may actually seem a bit far flung...until you actually here the violins and brass...so why not guitars???

It all started in 1976 when rhys chatham(at that point a minimalist composer and harpsichord tuner!) got dragged along to a Ramones gig and realised what he was doing with brass, harpsichords etc he could do and make sound a lot more exciting...so off he went for a year to learn to play the guitar...thank god...because the results were and still are, stunning...it was a piece called "Guitar Trio"...set for three guitars,bass and drums...using the natural overtones of the guitar(i.e playing the centre of the neck)...which he had studied earlier in his career...the one chord that it uses for all 3 guitars sounds not unlike a succesion of chords...He formed a band consisting of Glen Branca,Nina Canal & Rhys on guitars and Wharton Tiers on drums (No bass!)...

At this time no had arrived on the scene with bands such as DNA,Teenage Jesus and the jerks,Mars & Contortions being the four bands in the centre of it all...(Check out "No New York"lp...if you can find it!)...Other bands such as UT,of course,had Nina Canal in their ranks,Nina was a native Londoner,excited by the sounds of Patti Smith & Television & being rather dissapointed with the British side of things,she decided to try it out in NYC...After meeting Rhys,she formed Ut with Jaqui Ham,Sally Young & Karen Achenbach...Karen left after they decided to relocate in London...after seeing bands like the Birthday Party & The Fall survive,& finding it harder & harder to find gigs in NYC...they've been here ever since...Ten years years doesn't seem that long!!!

Theoretical girls on the other hand were quite short lived...consisting of Margaret Davis on drums & vocals,Jeffery Lohn on keyboards,Wharton tiers on drums & Glen Branca on guitar & bass...the band lasted from late '77 to early '79,releasing one 7" before disbanding...Jeffery Lohn got more heavily into composing (& must have taken a leaf out of Branca's book,as his "Paradise lp is very heavily guitar orientated!) Wharton Tiers went on to start up his own studio...while Glen Branca of course went on to form his own band of guitarists...but not before forming thr static,with basically the same ideas as Theoretical Girls,only using the guitar to its fullest,recording one 7"...My relationship/Don't let me stop you...they parted and finally Glenn formed the Glenn Branca Ensemble...the first recording being "Lesson No.1 for electric guitar",showing that he had learned a lot from working with Rhys in his earlier days,on the other side was a piece called "Dissonance", which showed he was interested in irregular tunings (check out Sledgehammer)...After advertising for "guitarists into weird shit"(to which Thurston Moore replied!)"the Ascension" was recorded with both of Sonic Youths Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo...This finally being the first lp to use massed guitars...but these guitars did not sound like guitars as in Velvet Underground, or even Stooges or MC5 for that matter,with the use of alternative tunings yhe sound of the guitar was changed to sound like anything he wanted it to sound like, and that didn't stop him! reworked instruments...such as fretless and refreted guitar,fretted violin & a number of keyboards...were used,as well as piesces written for them.In 1981,Branca produced his first guitar symphony,"Tonal Plexus",with volumes of 120 dB being reacned(10dB more and there would have been a lot of deaf people!).Volume plays a major role in his work, using it as an instrument,more than just for pure shock value.Since then he's produced 5 more symphonies for guitars, as well as a number of other compositions & a couple of pieces for full string orchestra.

Meanwhile,Rhys Chatham had been composing and performing with a lot of the performers & composers Glenn Branca has worked with...including Sonic Youth,Ned Sublette,David Rosenbloom & David Linton to name but a few...Nowadays, if you happen to catch one of Rhy's performances, you'll no doubt spot the presence of 2 or 3 members of the Band Of Susans.Rhys has produced a lot of work including dances ("Drastic Classiscism")work with video artist Charles Atlas, & a large body of work for guitars & brass instruments & two lp's.

Together Rhys Chatham & Glenn Branca make the "Classical Avant Garde"(their words!) sound not so unlistenable!

Discography: **Glenn Branca**...Theoretical Girls 7":U.S Millie, The Static 7":My Relationship ,Lesson No.1 12", The Ascenion lp,Symphony No.1 tape,Symphony No.3 lp,Symphony No.6. lp ..Acoustic Phenomena on the TELLUS # 10 "All Guitars! tape"...**Rhys Chatham**...Factor x lp,Die Donnergotter lp.

GLENN BRANCA HOPPING MAD.

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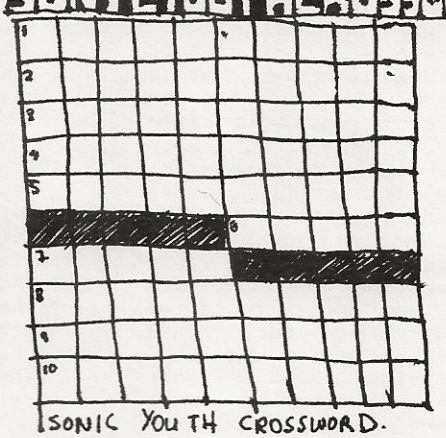
SONIC YOUTH CROSSWORD



SONIC YOUTH CROSSWORD.

ACROSS

1) SONIC YOUTH'S NAME.
2) A.K.A. CICCONE YOUTH.
3) ONYTH UOSCI (ANAG.)
4) S____. Y____.
5) COINS YOU HT (ANAG.)
6) SONIC ____.
7) ____. YOUTH
8) ONICSYTHOU (anag.)
9) YOU COTS HIN (anag.)
10) same as ↑ 5 Across.

NEXT ISSUE: BUTTHOLE SURFERS CROSSWORD.

ARSENAL

WHO DO YOU PHONE WHEN YOU'VE ONLY GOT THAT ONE CALL?
OUR CATH GETS SANTIAGO DURANGO IN A HALF NELSON AND RECEIVES INADMISSABLE EVIDENCE.

Better than Rapeman shrieked the young menfolk of Northampton as 'manipulator' came to light up their lives 18 months after the vaporisation of snugglebunnies,Big Black. Santiago Durango,you stand accused of being The Grand Old of Rock(with special reference to Chicago...)

"I am? Because i refuse to retire?Everybody's waiting for me to ride off into the sunset but i'm just too stubborn to do it.I've been playing in all sorts off bands since the late 70's..."

Just to recap,that includes Silver Abuse ,Naked Raygun etc,etc ,prior to which he was a founder member of Annete Funicello's Mouseketeers. They are still playing his riffs today.

So.What's it all about, hermano?No-one could understand what the fuck you you were going on about in your press release and the NME interview was mighty morbid.Do you have a strong sense of your own mortality?

"Uh. Yeah.I think people don't have enough sense of your own mortality, they don't appreciate the gift of life.Too many times they look back in their old age and realise life has slipped through their fingers.I try to take as much advantage of this little gift as possible."

Little... ahhh.Is that what 'Memento Mori' is about?

"Yeah...Memento mori loosely translates remember you will die.People should be more aware;instead of the blind pursuit of money they should pursue a quality of life more strenuously."

Does that sense of mortality manifest itself every time you, say, take a train.Do you think it's going to crash?

"No i'm not like that.I'm at the point where i could say i've done something with my life,left some tracks. I have a morbid fear of wasting my time.Musically i've built something out of nothing."

So when do you qualify as a rich bastard lawyer?

"Well, if i,er, heh ,heh ,heh pass all my very difficult courses, sometime in 1990.What will I do?Swindle old widows out of their money."

That's the spirit.So there is a follow up to "Manipulator"?

"There's an E.P. with about six songs,eventually there will be an L.P. ,but my time is not my own so it's very limited."

According to Albini,you have been working with the worst bass-player in history.And his name has been taken off the record sleeve.

"I have.Yes.There was no need to have Malachai Richter on the record but I am such a sap,I am a bleeding heart.

Here was a gentlemen,36 years old,who hadn't done anything with his life, getting drunk and attaching himself to my ankles,begging me to let him play.'Oh,OK...' Once I gave way he decided he was going to make all these unreasonable demands. It was very ungrateful on his part and it showed no sort of class.Anyway ,I corrected a lot of him in the mix but you can judge his ability for yourself if you listen to those riveting, awe-inspiring breaks on 'Memento Mori'. I'm now working with the bass-player from another Chicago band but their record company won't like it so I can't say who.They toured Europe to the end of last year."

Ooer.Anyway , what do you think of Naked Raygun these days?

"ah-uh-gngh.Gahhhhd. I knew that was coming..."

Oh dear. Santiago is hyperventilating. A magic editing fairy saves him by temporarily severing all transatlantic phone-links. Come back! Let's talk about the record.

'Half Control' has somehow managed to capture the essence of the heavenly 'Cheree,Cheree'.You a suicide fan?

"No.Well,uh, I'm not familiar with them.I'm not a big audiophile.If you ask me about certain bands, the chances are I won't be sufficiently informed to give you some kind of intelligent comment on them..."

Who-ah.Spot the lawyer.That's rather obsessive ,isn't it?

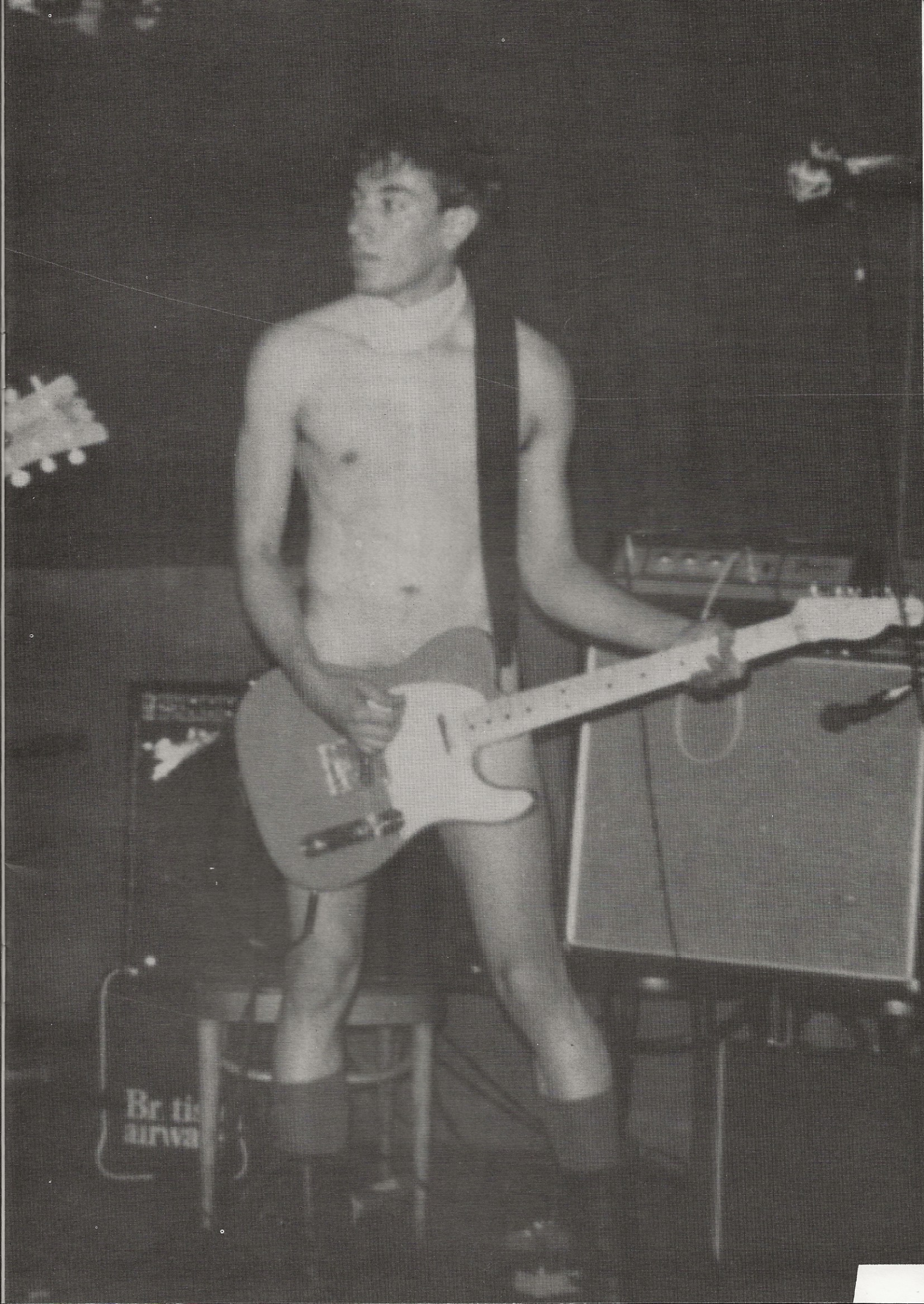
"Well, y'know,um,uh, that's just the way i am.I'm not gonna run around liking something I don't like.What do you think about that song.?"

It sort of seeps in and won't go away.

"That one's got the best set of lyrics...though ya can't pick 'em out..."

Oh,we're all singing along with them over in England...

"..I stole them from a William Blake poem...every day some of



us are born to (unintelligable) light and every day some of us are born to endless night.He took off on that whole idea and built a beautiful poem out of it.I was going to call the song 'Endless Night'. It's very appropriate."

Blake doesn't get a credit on the record either...

"Oh, y'know,heh, I think it's in the public domain."

At this point ,Durango made the first of several attempts to finish the conversation and return to preparing a brief for a refugee from El Salvador.Oh no you don't matey.There's more important stuff to talk about.Is the legal system in the U.S. the same as in the U.K.,full of senile old gids wittering about nothing?

"Some of the law here is of a very high calibre, a great deal is incredibly mundane.We derived a great deal of our law from England.American law at it's best is historic.The U.S. will go down in history as the country that's serious about civil rights,the idea that no man is above the law.At some point maybe we'll pass on the torch and somebody will do better than us."

Cripes.Is the boss standing over his shoulder?But Sant, what about the Brian Willson case where the police were conveniently not around to investigate the immediate consequences of a lefty protestor being maimed by a train carrying arms to the Contras?

"It doesn't always work as it should.It's still biased towards the privileged,used as an instrument by the haves to oppress the have-nots.But in many ways we've started to equalise that disparity."

It can't be worse than this cesspool,England. Do you have a sense of patriotism then?

"The time has come for nation states to become an anachronism. All the problems we are facing, starvation,pollution,povery...they're global problems."

Yay. An internationalist.Now then,I want to ask you about Mr Donut. Albini has recommended his classic film Mr Donut's Gourmet Delights.

"Eh?"

He's a seminal Chicago porn star whose party trick is to shove groceries up his ass and fire them across the room.Come on!where have you been!

"Uh. You have to understand that Steve always gets a lot of this obscure stuff (sighs). I myself lead a more settled life (see photos).I'm not privy to all that stuff that goes on on the edge, though when I was living with Steve it was kinda interesting.I'm sorry, I haven't seen it."

That's OK.Neither have I.

"Oh.I think we'll manage just fine without it.Don't you?"

Hm.He's the kind of fellow you'd want to take shopping with you...

"you think so?(not impressed).?

How important is it to communicate lyrically/verbally with an audience? The Arsenal worldview is not explicitly conveyed on the record.

"I am communicating though it's not verbal.It's on a basic emotional level. I could sit down and write 'I don't like you, you nasty person, you don't deserve to be part of the human race.'- or I could just flip the bird at you.With the record I'm just flipping the bird at whomever.Not giving you an academic discourse on how I feel about the world."

Returning to Big Black where these matters were more explicit,you were once quoted as saying 'we're not payed to give people hope.' Given that most people are stupid and vile, doesn't the artist have a duty of care to avoid unleashing certain ideas on people who will misinterpret them?

"There's a problem when you start cutting things out that you want to say because you think it's proper.You're limiting what you're doing,you're no longer expressing pure thought .You have to be honest and let people judge."

In theory, yes.But sometimes it's necessary to comprise you're own 'purity of thought' and set artificial boundaries if you're adding to something bad that already has the balance tipped in it's favour.Rapeman being a fine example,sorry to bring that subject on you on and all that.Irony,or whatever, is a tricky business.

"THat's a good example.Your immediate reaction is that it is totally offensive and uncalled for. The flip side of it is that it's an idea.If it's an offensive idea then you've just been given the perfect opportunity to combat it with a different idea."

Right,but in that case you have to be extra explicit in your opposition.Only the already-informed read the interviews.If the word is on a poster, you have to signal some kind of opposition in the same medium.

"Uh.That's a whole big elaborate thing.The name itself is not anything.It's the things that are attached to it. Steve's not saying that rape is a good idea. The idea of rape is utterly repulsive.I myself have never done anything like that.It's been done.What can you do about it?"

OK. We'll leave that.Do you speak Spanish?

"I emigrated from Columbia when I was ten I'm now 31.I'm forgetting it quite a bit.I can barely communicate with my parents.We have a very elaborate sign language, a lot of pointing...I'm,uh, multicultural.It'S another world there."

Would you ever go back?

"NO WAY. I'd be like a fish outta water.It's a very violent society.For persons like me you wanna live in as open a society as you can.I don't view myself as a conservative person. I have to live in a tolerant society or else I'd go nuts."

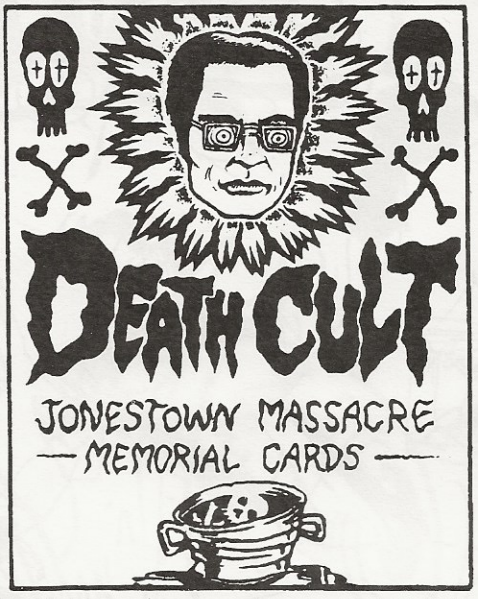
So where is this Mr-Donut-free Utopia?

"In my head someplace.Heh,heh.In a dream."

You've got the address of the house of representatives on the back of your record.There'll be a lot of people over here thinking it's an indie label,they'll be sending demos to it.

"Hah,ha,heh.That's great.Here.Let me give

,ou the name of my representative,heh, hehn..."
OK kids.Send those demos to: Sidney Yates
A&R
US House of representatives
Washington DC 20515. **END**



Could be you've seen the tacksvill book on the subject,by Carpozi Jr.This keeps the spirit of that tacky book.Except no gum.Crying shame,but if there was would you dare eat it? Unleashed on the world by Byron Coley from some American magazine or other whose name escapes me,and his spouse.This plastic box contains 39 cards and a back of card puzzle.By the likes of Savx,Gary Panter, Jay Condom, Raymond Pettibon, Charles Burns, Williams and Kaz.Cut ya self some of this very limited super tasteless action,for only five clams.We only have thirty sets, first come.....

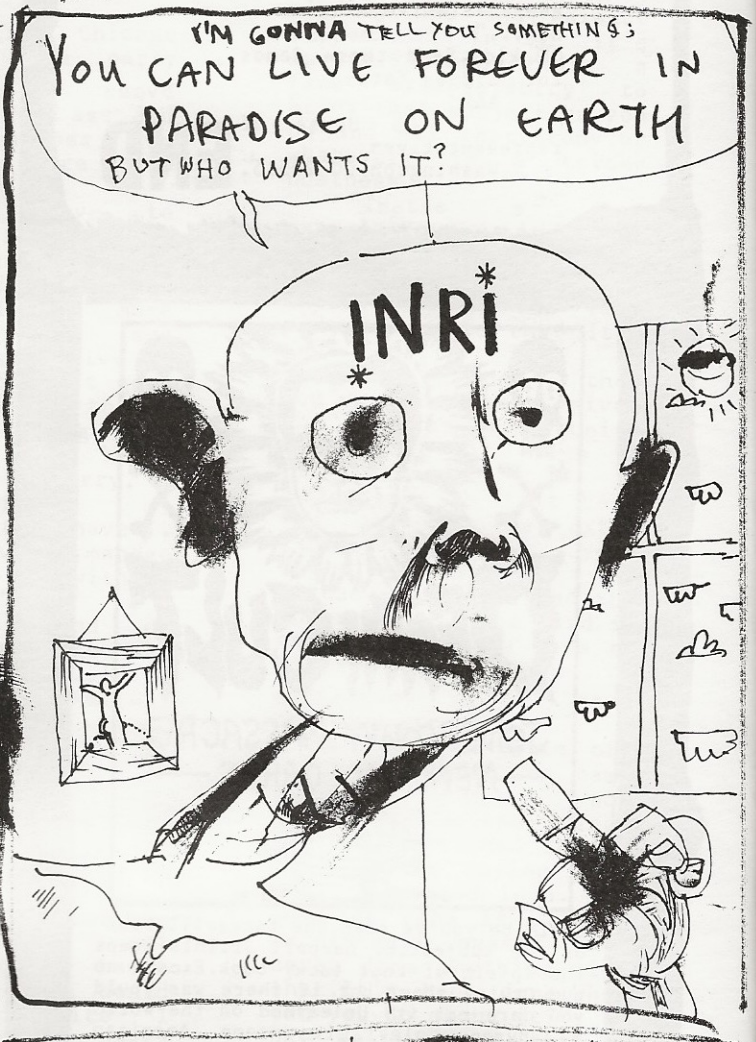
Traditional Ales from

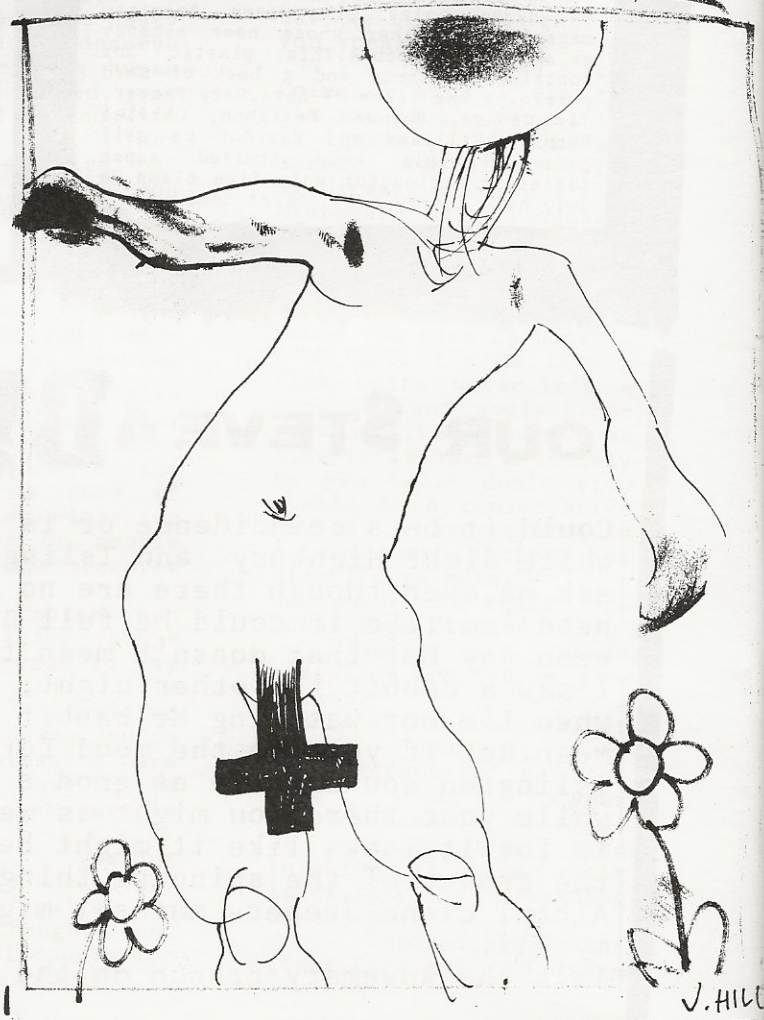
WHITBREAD

OUR STEVE A BITTER MAN

Could it be a coincidence or is this supposed to be the thin white dick? Highbury and Islington it's a weird place if you ask me,even though there are no Hawksmore churches,it doesn't need 'em...So it could be full of Albini look alikes,I haven't seen any but that doesn't mean there not there,right? Like when I saw a rabbit the other night, I don't normally see 'em but when I'm not watching Mr rabbit is he there? If you see what I mean.But if your in the mood for spotting Albini look alikes Islington sounds like as good a place as any....And anyway while your there you might as well go in the pub that this ad' is for it looks like it might be a spiffing kind of place,dig the groove of the spinning things,have a few bevies and spot an Albini clone.Jeepers mates I might even check the place out myself.
It's the Rosemary Branch on the Shepperton rd,Highbury.

TOM BOSIS + his blood clot life





J. HILL

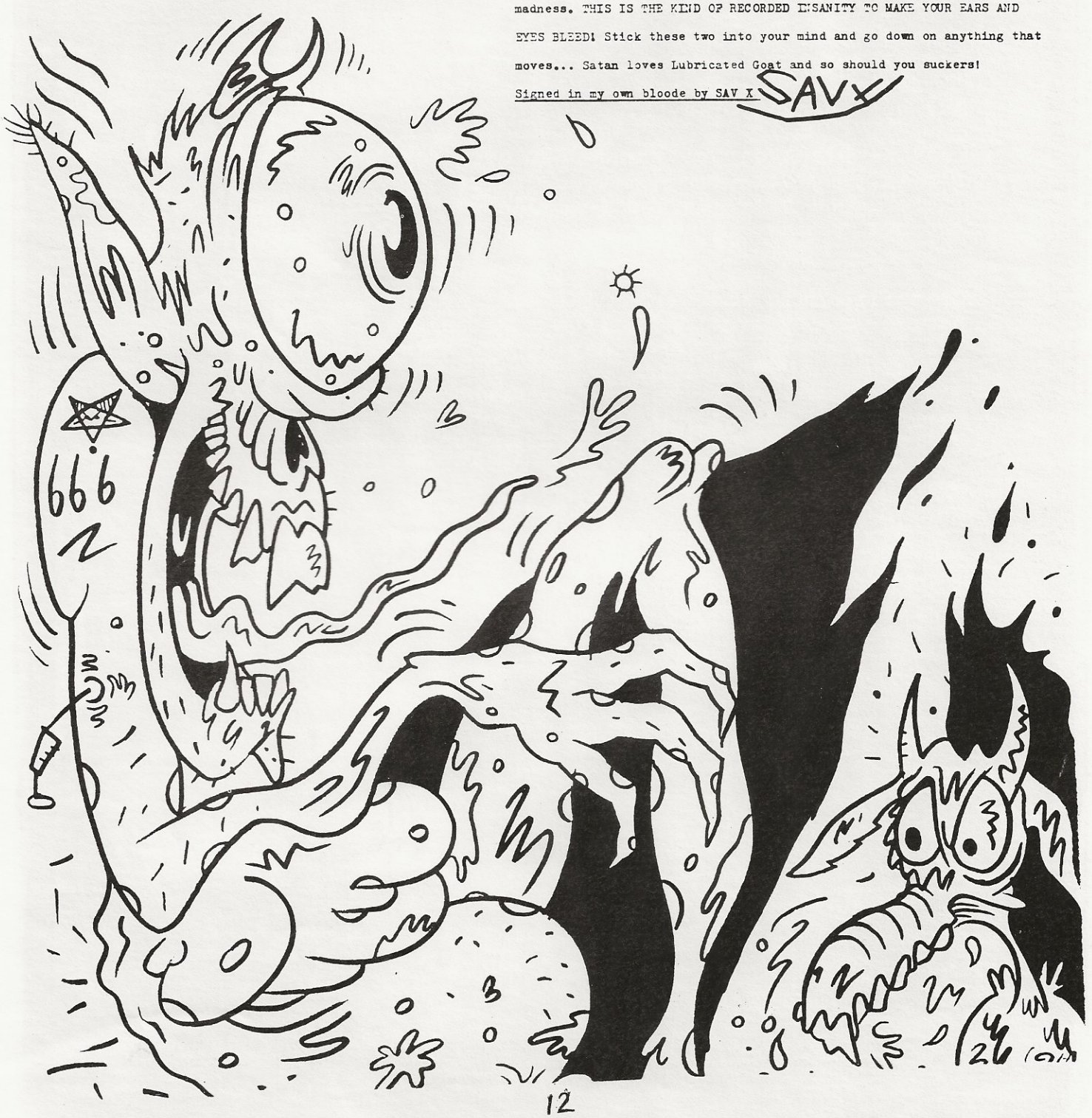
Devil's Music!

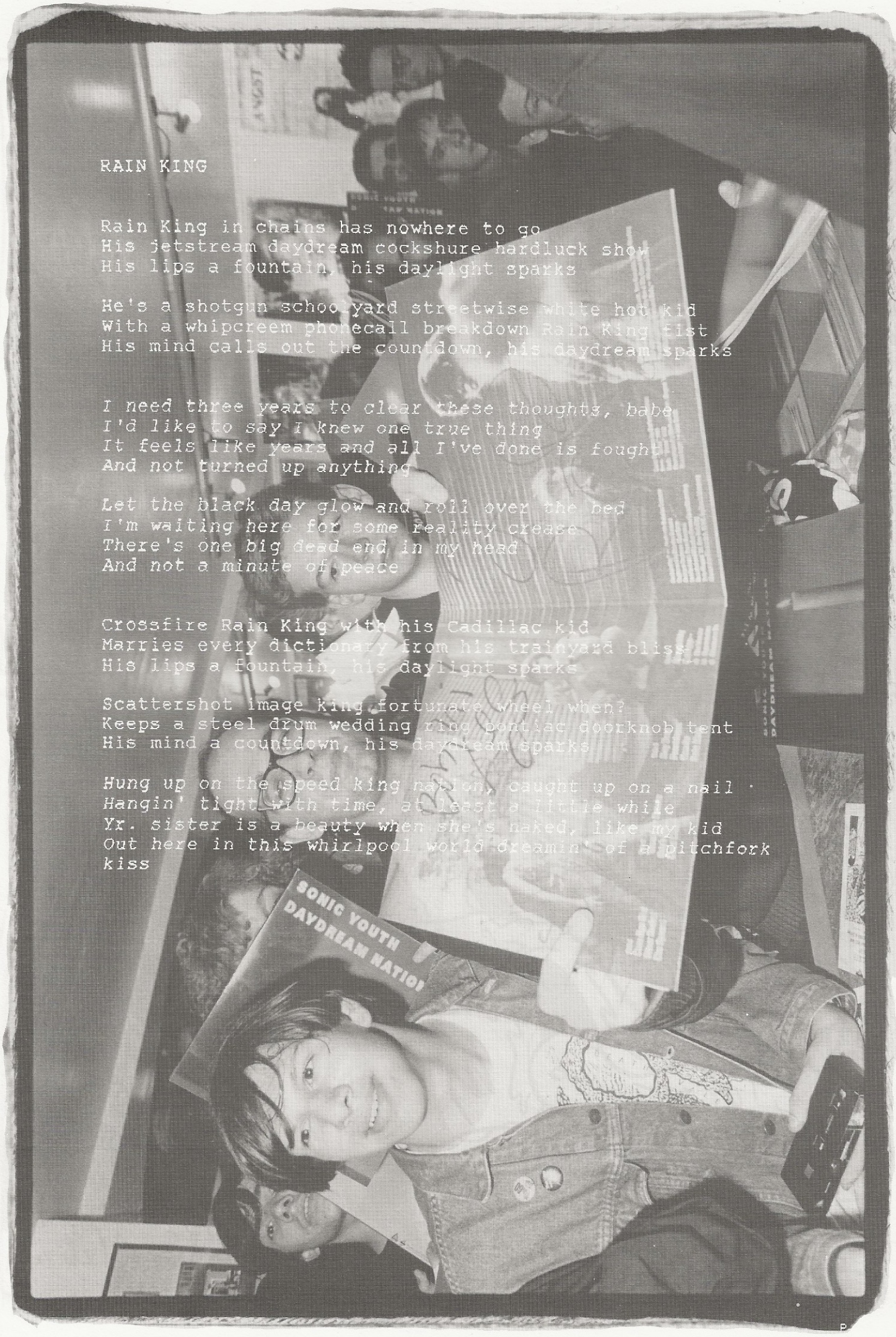
LUBRICATED GOAT 'Plays The Devil's Music' (Black Eye LP, Australia)

LUBRICATED GOAT 'Paddock Of Love' (Black Eye Records, Australia)

SATAN IS alive and well and living down under! Lubricated Goat are his Antipodean familiars, an ugly gang of demons who choose to litter their LP sleeves with photos of fornicating farmyard animals to illustrate such Satanic slime songs as 'Jason The Unpopular', 'Anal Injury', 'Funeral On A Spit' and the Goetic 'Goats And The Men Who Ride Them'. Lubricated Goat urge all listeners of their music to get nekkid and go down on all shaggy fours, only with your snoot up your partner's behind can you get close to their crucial vibe! Lubricated Goat are; Supernova (guitar); Wolfgang Von Spasm (vocals and guitar); Buster Smallgoods (bass); Sweetmeats (drums)... Together they have formed the kind of musical cabal that the authorities shudder over; an ugliness from the pits of punk-puke Hell that reeks of sulphur, sadistic sex and anti-consumer madness. THIS IS THE KIND OF RECORDED INSANITY TO MAKE YOUR EARS AND EYES BLEED! Stick these two into your mind and go down on anything that moves... Satan loves Lubricated Goat and so should you suckers!

Signed in my own bloode by SAV X SAV





RAIN KING

Rain King in chains has nowhere to go
His jetstream daydream cockshure hardluck show
His lips a fountain, his daylight sparks

He's a shotgun schoolyard streetwise white hot kid
With a whipcreem phonecall breakdown Rain King fist
His mind calls out the countdown, his daydream sparks

I need three years to clear these thoughts, babe
I'd like to say I knew one true thing
It feels like years and all I've done is fought
And not turned up anything

Let the black day glow and roll over the bed
I'm waiting here for some reality crease
There's one big dead end in my head
And not a minute of peace

Crossfire Rain King with his Cadillac kid
Marries every dictionary from his trainyard bliss
His lips a fountain, his daylight sparks

Scattershot image king fortunate wheel when?
Keeps a steel drum wedding ring pontiac doorknob tent
His mind a countdown, his daydream sparks

Hung up on the speed king nation, caught up on a nail
Hangin' tight with time, at least a little while
Yr. sister is a beauty when she's naked, like my kid
Out here in this whirlpool world dreamin' of a pitchfork kiss

HEY JONI

Hey Joni put it all behind you
Hey Joni now I've put it all behind me too
These times can't add up, yr life is such a mess
Forget the past, and just say yes

Tell me Joni, am I the one, to see you through?
In this broken town can you still jack in, and know what to do?
I remember our youth, our high ideals, I remember you were so uptight
That time in the trees, we broke that vice
We took some steps and now we can't think twice

Tell me Joni, am I right by you?
Tell me how yr gonna lose this hard luck
Hey Joni, when will all these dreams come true
You'd better find a way to climb down off that truck

Shots ring out from the center of an empty field
Joni's in the tall grass
She's a beautiful mental jukebox, a sailboat explosion
A snap of electric whipcrack
She's not thinking about the future, not spinning her wheels
She doesn't think at all about the past
She thinking long and hard about that high wild sound
And wondering will it last

There's something turning, Joni, turning right to you
My head burns, but I know you'll speak the truth

Hey Joni, put it all behind you
Hey Joni, now I've put it all behind me too
Forget the future, these times are such a mess
Tune out the past, and just say yes

it's 1963
it's 1964
it's 1957
it's 1962
put it all behind you
now it's all behind you

LYDIA LUNCH

DISCOGRAPHY

TEENAGE JESUS & THE JERKS

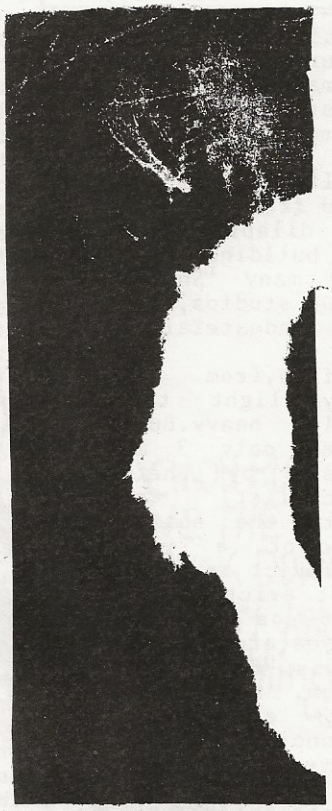
*Orphans/Less of Me	(Migraine 7")
*Baby Doll/Freud in a Flop	(Lust/Unlust 7")
*PRE:The Closet/Less of Me/My eyes	(Ze 12")
*PINK:Freud in Flop/Race Mixing/ Baby Doll/Less of Me/Burning Rubber/Red Alert/Orphans	(Migraine 12")
*NO NEW YORK (compilation): Burning Rubber/The closet/Red Alert/I woke up Dreaming	(Antilles lp)

BEIRUT SLUMP	*Try Me/Staircase	(Migraine 7")
LYDIA LUNCH	*Queen of Siam	(Ze lp)
EIGHT EYED SPY	*Eight Eyed Spy	(Fetish lp)
	*Eight Eyed Spy Live	(Roir Cassette)
	*Diddy Wah Diddy/Dead You Me Beside	(Fetish 7")
1313	*Lydia Lunch/1313	(Ruby/Sit 2 lp)
LYDIA LUNCH	*The Agony is the Ecstasy (other side=Birthday Party)	(4AD lp)
LYDIA LUNCH & ROWLAND S. HOWARD	*Some Velevet Morning/I fell in love with a ghost	(4AD 12")
EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN	*Thirsty Animal	(12")
LYDIA LUNCH ROWLAND S. HOWARD	(other side=Einsturzende Neubauten)	
DIE HAUT/LYDIA LUNCH	*Der Karibische Western	(Zensor 12")
LYDIA LUNCH	*In Limbo	(Doublevision lp)
LYDIA LUNCH	*The Uncensored Lydia Lunch	(Widowspeak cass)
LYDIA LUNCH/MICHAEL GIRA	*Hard Rock	(Ecstatic peace)
SONIC YOUTH/LYDIA LUNCH	*Death Valley 69	(Blast First 12")
LYDIA LUNCH/LUCY HAMILTON	*The Drowning of Lucy Hamilton	(Widowspeak lp)
LYDIA LUNCH/NO TREND	*Heart of Darkness	(Widowspeak 10")
LYDIA LUNCH	*Hysterie	(Widowspeak lp)
LYDIA LUNCH/BIRTHDAY PARTY	*Honeymoon In Red	(Widowspeak lp)
LYDIA LUNCH/THURSTON MOORE	*The Crumb	(Widowspeak 12")
LYDIA LUNCH/CLINT RUIN	*Stinkfist	(Widowspaek lp)
LYDIA LUNCH	*Oral Fixation	(Widowspeak lp)

OTHER STUFF

FILM &VIDEO

ROME, 1978
BLACK BOX, 1978
THE OFFENDERS, 1979
SHE HAD HER GUN ALREADY,1979
BEAUTY BECOMES THE BEAST,1980
VORTEX, 1981
RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN,1984
FINGERED, 1986
THE INVISIBLE THREAD,1986
BBQ DEATH SQUAD, 1986

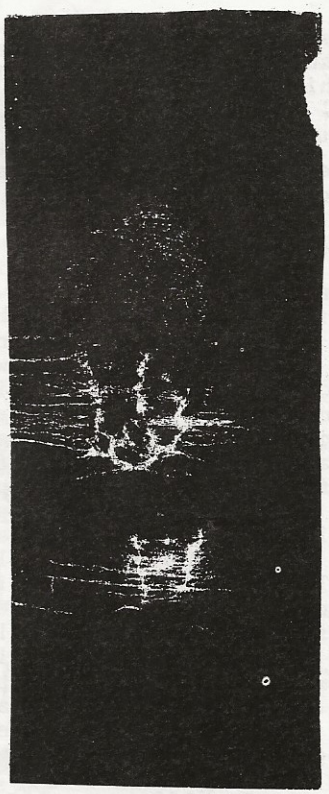


My girlfriend left me. The phone hasn't rung in weeks. People who've heard the show simply state that they really worry about me and go about their business It's too late. I'm consumed. And it's not over. Maybe a trip to Memphis soaking up some Elvis wisdom can help. It's a never ending abyss and I can't even clime to ground level. What's to prove. Why can't I bag it? Wasn't a year enough? Can't get too much more introspective, it just makes me want to go back. My file cabinet reveals a Widowspeak file rivaling the NYNEX yellow pages. Taking up much of the space are scraps of paper, crib sheets, any bit of data, anything leading me to something that might even hint at leading me to something related to someone who's worked with Lydia for even just one night. Giving this information would be too easy. No, I have to find six songs to tie the whole thing together. To give you some idea of the roots of this deadpan obsession, I'd have to turn back the clock to October '87 when harmlessly enough I devoted a half hour of my WRSU-FM (Rutgers U. in New Brunswick, NJ) morning program to the work of a vastly underrated band called Sort Sol not so much for themselves, but more as a means of turning the noontime hour into Lunch-time and hoisting them into the spotlight just based on their work with Lydia Lunch. That wasn't necessarily the first domino but it seemed as good a place as any to start. There were actually a bunch of what were to me like household names, so the first couple months were a breeze. But at this point it was totally thankless. The stuff was more than just abrasive, to many it was downright horrifying. Extended sets of music that ranged from brutal to merciless were capped off with often glorifying in-depth reports of Lydia's every little involvement whether a one-off or on-going ties. I knew I was in for a ride when on the one week I came only partially prepared, the sports department pre-empted the slot in a total embarrassment on their part as the announcers couldn't get out of the airport. Vaguely familiar with that week's choice for a spotlight, Marc Almond, the bio would've been limited to just what I could absorb from the few available albums I could find in my collection and in the station library. The sports department not only kept me from collapsing, it bought me a week in which I not only put on a trace of every name who seemed even vaguely familiar, I also stumbled on to the Marc Almond Fan Club for all the data I wanted. That went onto associating engineers using the same studios on different projects, filmmakers and the songs they used in their films. It just got more and more intense. The reports started to get to me, I had to keep things on an earthly level. So, I started planning them three at a time to keep my wits. I went as far as writing charts under the selected artists' names including any records I found applicable to them. It started getting easier, but the 'whatever happened to' aspect started gnawing at me whenever a bio came openended. I asked everyone in sight. I used cross-references in phonologs, I even wrote to people who I thought were relevant just because they had identical names. I started going to shows of people who worked with her to get leads on the whereabouts of those who've also worked with her and even consulted Lydia herself to see if she could keep me going. There was no hiding from it. I even took a New England vacation with Lunch-time being the last thing on my mind as I concerned myself with getting the ninth issue of the magazine I put out called Dangerous Rhythms out in stores that might not ordinarily buy it. And what happens. The first record I pick up in a mall has the name of someone I was trying to find out what happened to. The branches split further. Any engineer, bandmate, people who've read poetry with her, fellow actors and actresses, and any miscellaneouses that could fill up a page made the list. I can't even see the end of this. 52 weeks so far. 52 fucking bios and I still have a page of names to go. Entertainment? More like retribution, but somehow I manage enough to follow the 12:00 news with the next in line and a simple "bon appettite."

To be continued by something less than me I'm afraid

Signed, unsigned
Gene
Terresa

Please call after examining



Theatre...

BOOKS

Adulterers Anonymous,
Grove Press: 1982

Incriminating Evidence,

SOUTH OF YOUR BORDER W/Emilio Cuberiro..(1988)

Noel Kilbride tells the the story of the Maltese Chicken..Guess it's going to have to be in two parts as I'm just 'bout to go see the printer,'nd Mr reliable hasn't sent in t'other part yet.

Sun.Feb.5th,1989.Sheffield .Premature spring day.Premature spring.Ozone depreciation.Year of environment.Month of Salman Rushdie and salmonella.A.C.Temple's non-lead free van pulls up outside dilapidated back-street building,rehearsal home of many 'Sheffield' bands,FON studios,about 30 noshit industrial unit free dodgy enterprises,from the strictly light to the extremely heavy.Building purchased only 3 months previously by Sheffield City(Socialist) Council who with the haste and finesse of a recently freed convict in a brothel sent out eviction notices to the 50 or so bands and businesses(around 300 people)...."Dear Sir/Madam, As you are probably aware,Sheffield City Council has purchased the above property and is now the landlord.You will appreciate the council has only recently acquired this site for the purpose of re-development.To this end,steeps will be implemented in the very near future to secure possession and thereafter demolish the works....." All this from the City Council who spent hundreds of thousands of pounds on the red tape rehearsal complex,which included 4 track studio,3 rehearsal rooms,virtually no storage space and is closed at week ends.Oh well such is life in the eighties,such is the lure of development grants and temporary job creation.But we stray too far.Thus the general background to where one's head was at,so to speak on this fine T-shirt style Sunday afternoon at the beginning of february.We alight from the pollution friendly wheels to the extremely post industrial strains of our practise room partners JAWJ (ex A.C.Temple and Kilgore Trout).Relations between the 2 bands remain fairly strained after the A.C Temple split last year (Ideological differences) and the Kilgore Trout division which ended in fisticuffs and tantrums. "They're crap" at least one person mutters in true rock bigoted style.And sure enough they are.

Tonight ACT are playing in Birmingham,their third appearance in the city in as many years.Up the stairs towards the noise:now a local club band playing "Hi-ho saliva lining"or something similar inter-mingles with the eastern bloc rigidity of the JAWJ machine.A rat scurries away as we approach,33 the singer from Ten City slinks past on his way from FON probably for a kentucky fried dog on the Wicker,(Man).Such is the weirdness of life on Sheldon Row.We hover outside the room waiting for the end of the JAWJ song:"Could be another ten minutes,"at least one person mutters in true rock bitchin' style.And sure enough it was.Soon enough were in there shooting some lip with JAWJ , like we was the best of friends, which some of us still are.Soon they're gone and us temps crack on with the task of unloading our shit down the tedious flight of stairs into the van.I find myself holding down the van stacker job.Sim,an engineer at the FON factory,shows up for work, looking like someone who works in a studio, all bleary-eyed and stubble.We let on to each other,another point which will be of tremendous significance as this extremely true story unfolds. Perhaps prior warning of significance can ruin a story,or at least blatant prior warning;I suppose that you have to state facts with a certain amount of drama which leads the reader into an assumption of significance.Bullshit.Our equipment is eventually ferried out of the practise room to the van; people disappear to the shop,for a pipe,whatever.I load up the van and I get in to drive.Eventually everyone is there.We leave.Unknown to us also leave open the door to the practise room,containing about £2000 of JAWJ's equipment.

Steve Albini is supposed to be showing up.Rapeman no longer exists.This is the worst

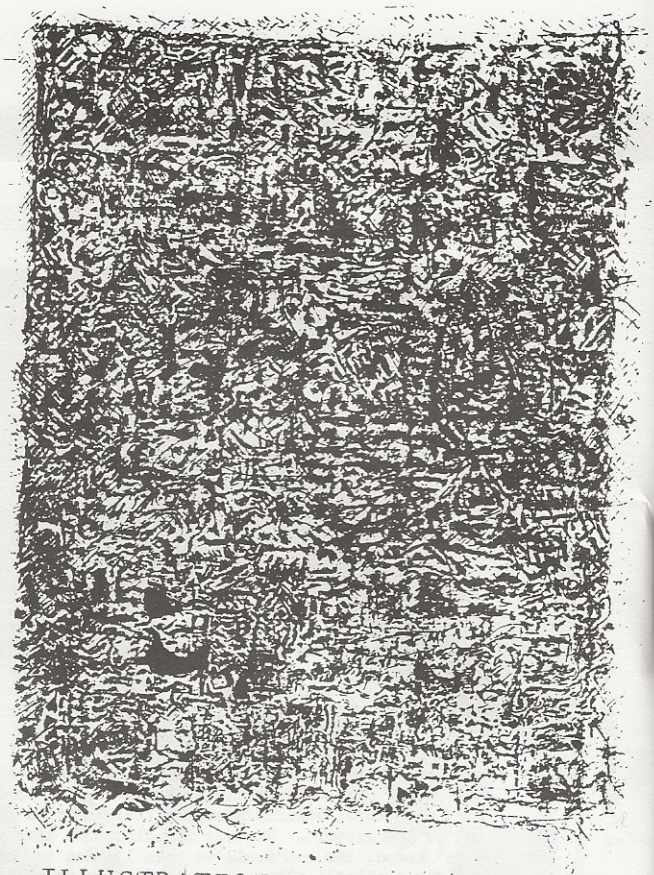
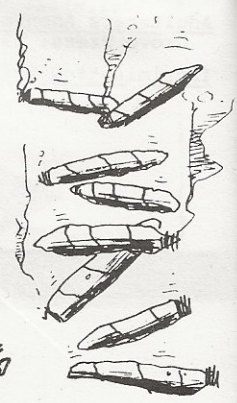


ILLUSTRATION David Beales

news in a long time.Rey has left the band.This is not what the press release states.That was tongue in cheek.I'm supposed to be travelling down London with him that night to have futile meeting with someone from Blast First.Never mind it makes me feel better.Albini doesn't show; he's too busy arbitrating an argument between UT in the studio, whose album he has been producing.We are bummed out.His non-arrival means I am not leaving for London that night.This proves to be extremely fortunate Matty is driving.I can, and do get pissed.About 200 people show up to the gig at the Barrel Organ and it's a good one,I think.We get paid and fill up the van and head home.

Meanwhile back in Sheffield someone thinks that it's their birthday.

"Look the fuck at this.Someone's left their practice room door open" "This can't be true.And we've got our van here as well." "This must be some kind of insurance job.Who the fuck leaves their practice room open? Quick let's get this shit out of here before it becomes a dream."Not very long after Sim emerges from the FON studio for the first time since he arrived there



LOCK MOM, NO CONSCIENCE!

earlier that afternoon. It's now dark, sometime that night.Could be 9,could be 11.Not even sure what night it is.Who the fuck is this unloading their gear on a Sunday night.Get out my way Mr greasy leather jacket with some weird whisky logo on the back.Must be another band leaving the sinking ship. Fucking council. He walked past the blue van which was, he noticed, looking brimming over with equipment.What the fuck,I need me a kentucky fried rat,the previous 20 seconds of his life having no significance.....

"We'd better get out of here,quick,some bloke just saw me unloading stuff"

"Don't be so fucking paranoid let's get the rest of the stuff ,there's still an amp and a few guitars left in there."

"Listen just shut the fucking van up and let's split before he comes back ."

Already half way up the stairs.If I close up the doors no-one should notice for a while that anything has been nicked,by that time we can have this stuff spread across Yorkshire. Christ we can can live for the next few weeks.Christ there's a bass amp there,can't leave that.

"Malph,come here and give us a lift with this."They pick it up.It's a heavy son of a bitch bass value combo.In the struggle he fails to notice the badge dislodged from his jacket? And(If I may be permitted to go into slow motion) spin painlessly onto the floor,causing a flicker of light to register on the metaphorical video camera that wasn't in the room.He grabs a couple of metal bars and the padlock,and in a panic tries to lock up the practice room, before anyone else showed up.Shit one of these bars is too fucking long.Screw it,let's get out of here.

The van pulls away,with at least 2 and probably more temporarily euphoric bastards aboard. Sim hadn't even been served his rat as they drive off.....

1.30 am Monday 6th Feb.For the second time in 12 hours the ACT van pulls up outside the Capital Steel Works building on Sheldon Row,just off the Wicker,Sheffield.This is the bit we all really love,re-loading the gear into the practice room in the middle of the night after a gig,when were all either still pissed up or just about to feel hung over.Difficult to say which one of those states is worse.I'm up the stairs with a few guitars-I hold the keys- what the fuck has been going on here.Why in fucks name is only one padlock on properly,why is the wrong bar in the top hole?!.....I didn't need to lock inside that door to know that the room had been robbed,-it only took a millisecond longer to know that we must have left the door open."Who in fucks name locked up this afternoon?!"

10 seconds to realise that no one had,and that when we opened that fucking door it was going to spell bad news for us.Sure enough the room was almost empty.Woody's(The W in JAWJ) amp was still there as were the 2 crappiest guitars he owned.The shitty P.A. speakers were still there.Why in fucks name would someone leave that amp?Why had they bothered to try and lock up? Was it possible that JAWJ had been down and pulled out most of their stuff and,our one last final chance,had Chris,our bass-player who we had dropped of at home,closed that door this afternoon and thus exonerated us from the responsibility of the grimness which now began to sink into our depressed heads."Jesus fucking Christ,this is going to cost us about 1000 pounds to replace.We may as well split up now."We knocked Chris up out of bed.He hung out of the window.Get your ass down here

"Did you lock up this afternoon?"

"No"

It wasn't until we told D.C. Chapman that nobody and nothing was insured? And therefore we weren't after a note from him,that he started to believe us.Don't know why we bothered.He made us promise to go back down there the next afternoon to let in the prints people.Fat lot of shagging good that'll do I thought,in fact said,"Well it's your stuff and if you want a chance to get it back..."Yeah,yeah,ok.2pm this afternoon. The last time such a crisis had befallen me was when the 3 JAW's left ACTemp 2 weeks before the L.P. was due out last year. Fucking hell it had to be their stuff didn't it.One did not sleep very soundly for the rest of that night.

Part two of this epic story of crime and punishment next time.

Pig flap

Reports of flying pigs have been coming in from all over Spain after one hog was seen soaring over Seville.

"This is a phenomenon we simply can't explain," a government spokesman said. "Apparently we have flying pigs everywhere."

Fear and Loathing up North!

TOUR NOTES, Henry Rollins eat your heart out.....Taken from the diaries of Alistair Fruish (in Type) and Megan Jasper (illustrations and hand written.)

Wednesday.

It's eight AM. Breakfast TV or rather an unbelievably chirpy bastard has just informed me that Bush has won the Presidency. Not really surprised, if you shut your eyes he sounds exactly like Slyvester Sneakly from the The Perils Of Penelope Pitstop, for the ex-head of the C.I.A the Hooded Claw is 'bout right.

9.40

Met Noel from AC Temple at 9.30 in Islington, he is the man behind the wheel for this tour, strikes me as being a really nice bloke. Just had time to grab a spicy bean burger for breakfast, disgusting but true. My diet's reaching a new low in health conciousnes.....It's all down hill from here.

11.50

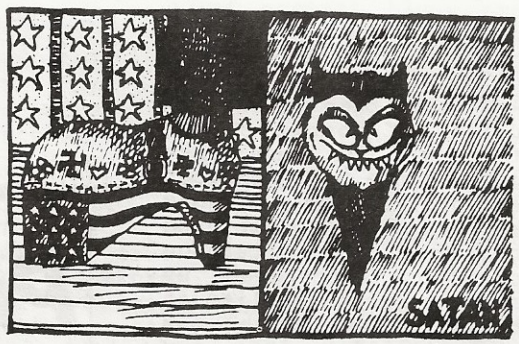
We've been on the road two hours and we're still not out of London.... we've heard the Pixies LP twice. As well as Noel and Dinosaur the van has another passenger Megan who is the sister of the woman who paints their record covers. She's reading a book in German but is not German. Dinosaur are not German, nor am I. But Hans is.

I had this empty bottle that I wanted to pour some Lucsaaidshit into that I'd purchased from a service station in a can , I couldn't finish it because I had gas belly. So I waits till Noel pulls out nice and smooth Here goes.. and.. BANG!! "We're ICE creamed!" As Megan screamed. Or to be more precise hit from the rear by a pink Ice cream van. Just what I need, vivid orange pop All over me. We stumbled on to the hard shoulder, I was muttering shit like "You've had it now buster I'm leaking".

The guy aimed at us.... I swear... he looked closer to the grim reaper, in that pink ice cream van, than anything I've ever seen..... and he had this weird looking kid with him, like Damian meats one of The Boys From Brazil...Those people were the incarnate of Evil. Be alert Brothers and sisters the pink Ice cream vans are coming. The children of Hans are coming.

If you wonder why I'm writing so much it's simple it's a long journey.

J has just expounded to me his theory of why Dukakis lost the Election, I must say it's the most plausible I've heard yet. It's simple really He's too Squished if He'd worn platform shoes, J assured me, he would have been much closer to victory.
People don't have faith in squished presidents. B movie actors, pea nut farmers and second hand car sales men; Yep.
But squished people, women and all minorities ; not by the hairs on your chinny chin chin.



Glasgow looks like hell, they had the apocalypse here on a trial basis, so that they could do it properly when the appropriate time came in the rest of the U.K. (Pronounced Uuuck ,onomatopoeia dudes.) Me and Noel ate heartily in a chippy while the Dinno's sound checked (J has so far blown 7 amps! This tour) The seats in the chipshop where really small, a chirpy Scotsman informs me that the average Scotspeople until recently were much smaller than your average person today....But I have observed an alarming amount of dwarves here already. Must be the radiation.

Because of where I was selling the shirts I didn't see the Dino's set or the support bands. The T shirts suck. J wants me to put up a sign saying they are nothing to do with the band. I want to put up a sign saying they're nothing to do with me. I had the closest to an argument with J as I think it's possible to have and the outcome is that he'll ring Paul Smith in the morning and see if he can have the shirts painlessly destroyed.

The evening in brief.....
..400 at the gig. More amps destroyed. Bouncers trying to blag shirts. A guy from down south who helped put on the gig, gave a hand translating the weird language they speak up here. A bitch fight . Sold a few shirts. Free beer. A drive to Edinborough. The Pixies tape again. Stayed at the Dog Faced Hermans house. And I think Murph has a case of babe fever. Oh yeah I finally got to hear Mission of Burma today and if you think that's trivial you haven't heard M.O.B. Fuck yew.

THURSDAY 10th.

Woke up to the sound of jack hammers in the street below. Then J crawled over me turned the tv on and around to face him and muttered "Tube time, Ali". and got back into bed. Also there is this cute kid running around called I think Nego. It's all getting a little too random.

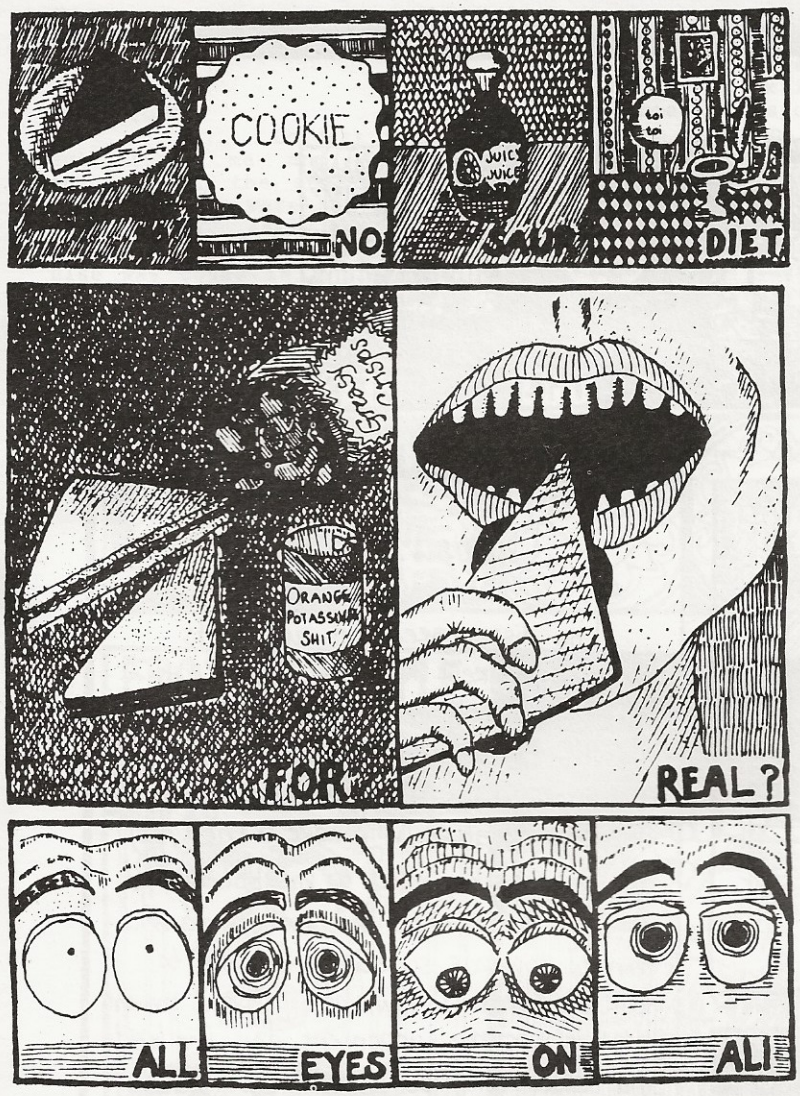
Edinburgh is a complete contrast to Glasgow, I think it's got to be the best looking city I've seen in the British Isles.
As a tribute J sports an Exploited shirt, in their home town. Lou has gone walkies, looking for Wattie no doubt.

.....There are too many people in this flat.

There are still too many people in this flat. A.C. temple stay here to night as well. Cold pizza tastes nice. I'm far too stoned to write. The rock' n' roll life style, in the third generation.

Weird shit consultation with Paul Smith 'bout the shirts. I'm to lower the price and put up a sign saying they suck. (Sales rocket.)

Some amps are Red Starred up, J has now blown 8. They arrived just before the



Wednesday

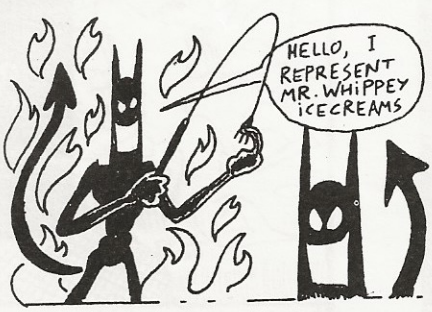
J warned me that the English delightfully fill their faces with the most disgusting food imagineable. Lou said that fish and chips were his savior, and Murph decided to eat healthier. The vote was unanimous that English food disturbed American tastebuds. When we stopped to chow down, daring Lou gobbled a piece of cheesecake, which gave him a glorious case of diarreah. Murph resorted to cookies and J had faith in orange juice. Ali bought a butter-cucumber sandwich and we all watched silently as he sucked it down. It was like seeing Jesus perform a miracle - the act of a Super Hero. No need for words - the ice cream truck said it all.

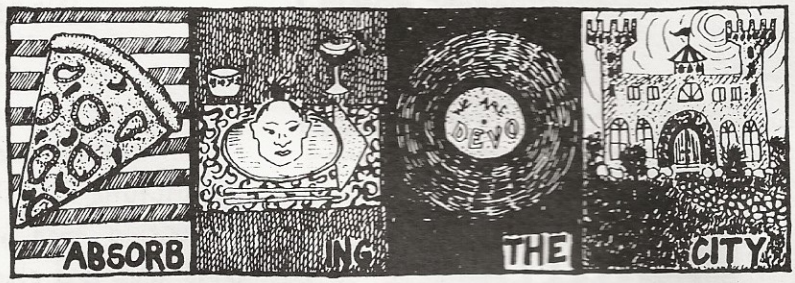
show,while we ate chinese.

No, it can't be true, Steve Orlande is here, that fat dredlocked pain in the arse that every one who goes to gigs avoids.He's either passed out or ligging/scrounging.He's real dedicated to it as well as he must have travelled all day to get here.That's just what we all need a dedicated pain in the arse.Lets see how much beer he can blag.

Met Neil Sonik life number 001,he'd arranged with Liz to help me sell the shirts.A fine geezer he is too brothers and sisters.
Where we'd set up the shirts gave me probably the best view.
A.C .Temple were good considering how far they'd come they have a new song which is, as Megan would say," Totally cooking man!".Speaking of which Megan sang on one of the Dino's songs,it was some Guns and Roses cover, other covers included "Punx Not Dead" and "Minor Threat" and if you don't know who those were originally by,well.

Mr Orlande,hence forth known as,The Prince of Darkness,has managed to drink quite a lot of A.C. Temples' beer,and has made a life long friend in Noel...Some facts,Megan is into writing kids books,I sold 'bout 13 shirts,there are about 250 at the gig and Wattie was nowhere to be seen.Shit.

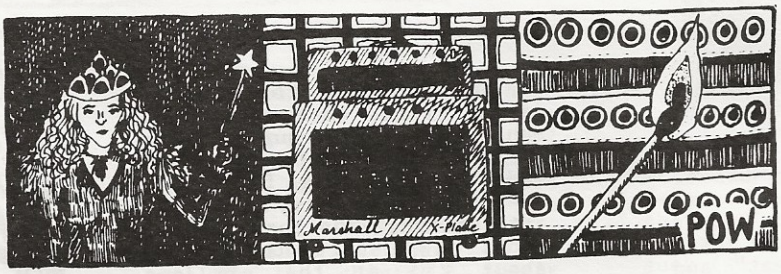




Thursday

Lou disappeared but our minds were set to rest knowing that he had a map. J's mind rested on the t.v and his new Devo record, Murph's mind on the night J was the first to discover this odd creature, who wore a thick, baggy, white sack pinned to his bottom. IJ woke me up too early in the morning and pointed towards something for me to look at. When I saw what it was, I thought that it was my judgement day. The leading actor from, "Don't Look Now" was staring me in the face. Satan. Murph was the only one able to find comfort in him.

When Lou came back, he told us about a castle that he found. He met a fairy princess, who told him that if he could make J blow up 3 more amps, she would grant him any wish. He fell into deep thought about escaping the tour and set to work. Alas, the secret behind Dino-destruction.



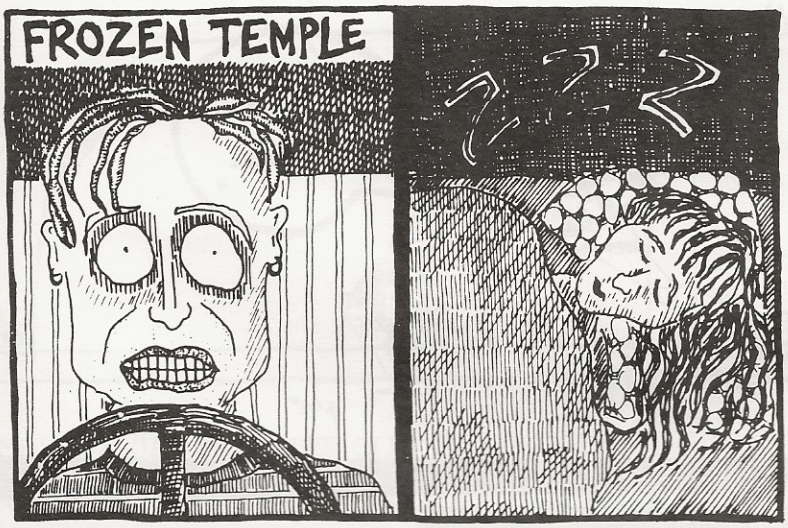
FRIDAY:

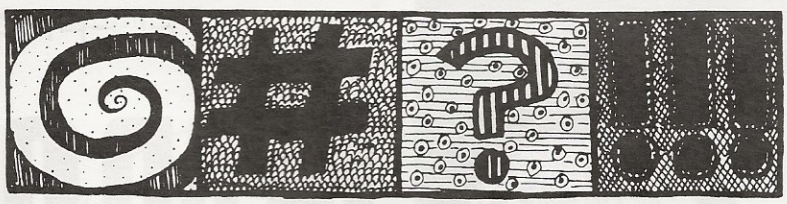
HELL NIGHT!!

Coldest night ever,stupid me and AC.Tem' spent it in the street.Karen Who's flat we were staying in went home early.She was totally unwakeable, every one else was cosey in a nice B&B we'd checked out earlier,We were in the van cursing.I don't want to tell you any more of the unpleasant details.

Forget Eye Spy ladies and gentlemen,the new kick in in-van entertainment is spot the nuclear power station.. I'm winning, but Murphs pretty close.

As we drive Megan has done a little cartoon starring the Prince,she's totally summed up the uni-mind of the tour vans feelings on the prince,except Murph who out of pure bloody mindedness seams to dig him.Weird.Kind of like having Howard Devoto as a mate.Yuuck.





We finally got into the flat at around 7 am.We were not amused.Lou's face was the first thing I saw when I finally came around he said "Sleep well" I think I may well give the Prince of Darkness his address and pay his flight over.Revenge, you can't beat it.

HELL DAY!!

Fucking fucking fuck.We stopped to pick up Matt(This sterling geezer who had been to every show.) who was hitching and The Prince was there ,he's clamped to him and us like a mighty efficient parasite, so, we gave him a ride also.What a great favour we're doing you Newcastle.Steve your hair should be a nature reserve,and boy do you need a bath.J's in the front now he can't handle this.God, how does Matt cope with hours of this guy.

The gig was the pits,but the meal was great.Shame this is the only gig getting a review,he should review the food.May be I should stop writing this and just do a food guide to the major cities in the north of Britain.There is another guy called Steve on this tour thing,and he by contrast seems to be a totally sterling geezer exept for a major amount of bitching and cussing the night we spent in the street...It blew my mind the unrepeatable obsenity of it.Good people I give you Steve Hawkins the man who brought me Newcastle brown in Newcastle.He's doing A.C.T's sound and is responsible for the Rorshach blot test comp' on the ideologically unsound "Jim Crow" label....So if I say Steve it now means him,and if I say the prince it means you know who.
J is in another band by the way,they're called POD-P.O.D.Guess what it stands for.May be it's The Steve Orlande tribute band.

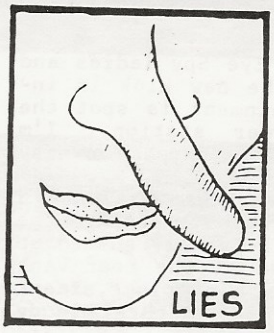
TODAY's saturday I think.

We're in Noel and Janes Flat in Shefferpool or Liverfield.....
Or what ever it's called..It's somewhere up North anyway,having only been North of leicester on a handful of occasions you'll have to forgive me...."Codes of conduct in northern lands are unacceptable in the south".I wonder if that works both ways.
I didn't wake up till the early evening so unless you want to know 'bout my dreams there isn't a great deal to write.

Jane and Noel are promoting the gig this evening.Jane cooked up a whole bunch of food and drove it to the venue and served it up.What a nutty woman,in fact every one is getting increasingly nutty.But the meal on wheels was genius, and she'd even made me and

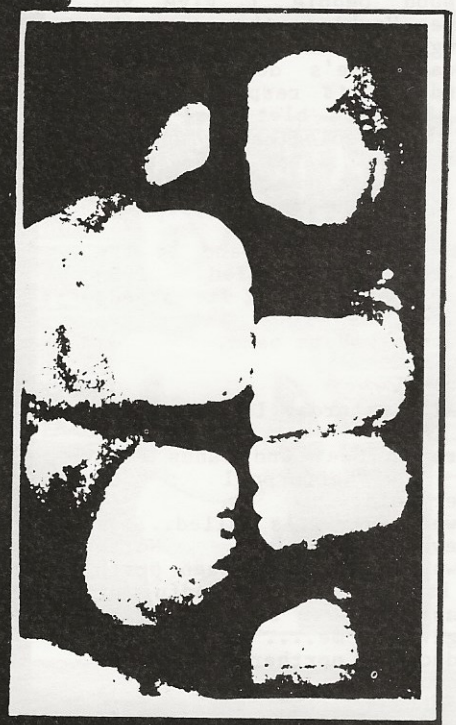
FRIDAY

The oddest thing – Ali's nose is growing out of control!



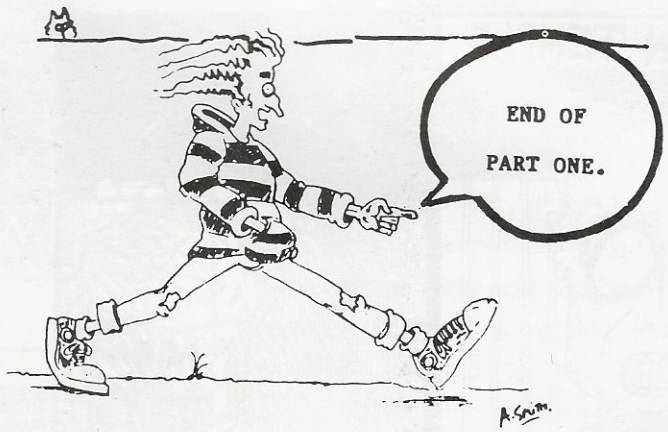
Megan something else as we are pain in the arse Vegetarians. I'm knocked out by the hospitality of these people. If I had all the people that have in there flat in our house I couldn't deal with it for very long, and the house is 'bout three times as big.....The food tastes great I'm looking at the prince he looks so hungry, I could almost feel sorry for him. But not quite. It's curious how Muph apparently gets along with him.....Very curious indeed.

Scoffed down the grub and we're nipping out to check out Sheffield.....



PART TWO*NEXT ISS'

a prince must die!



'Pon the day of scribbling this down, Theodore Bundy is 'bout to fry and Sal Dali has just croaked. Mass murder and art what else have they in common?.....Well 'round somewhere we have a blast from the past a bunch of yea oh! NYEAK NYEAKs and they're narrowing the gap. A charming bunch of reprobates Savx, Lydia Lunch, Cris Long....Bring you art from beyond the neuro consciousness. Ed says £2 inc p&p, so two clams it be.

WHITE ELEPHANT

HEAD OF DAVID

MUCH REQUESTED HEAD OF DAVID JOHN PEEL SESSIONS
FEATURING RECORDINGS FROM 1986 AND 1987

A • JACK NICHOLSON • PIERCED ALL OVER • METAL TEXAS PSYCH-OUT
B • TEQUILA • SNAKE DOMAIN • SKINDRILL • BUGGED

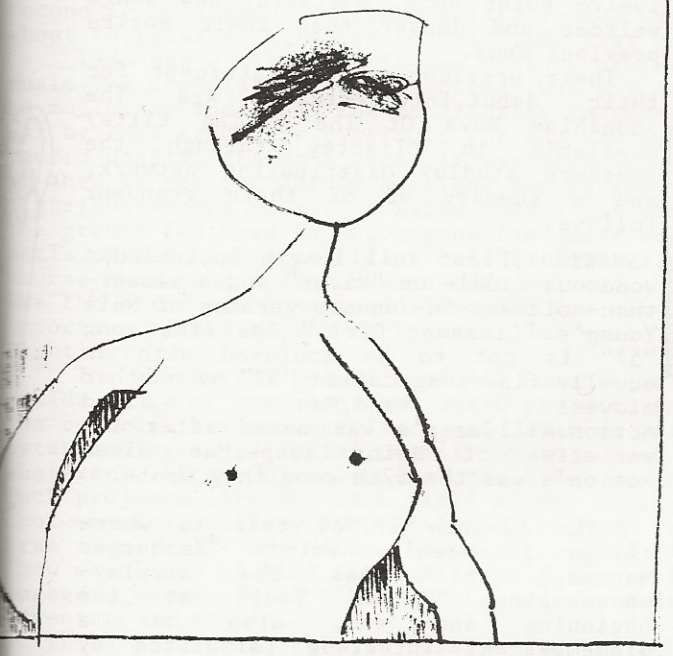
ONLY AVAILABLE FROM SONIC LIFE, 429 HARROW ROAD, LONDON W10 4RE.
£3.00 INC P&P

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

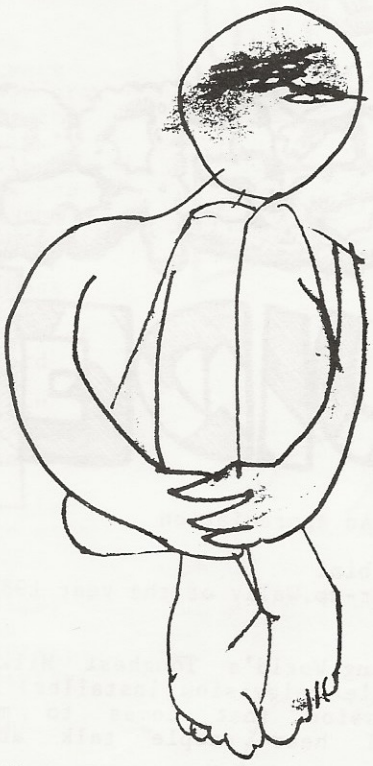
DONNY ALZHEIMER AND HIS CYST

J. HILL

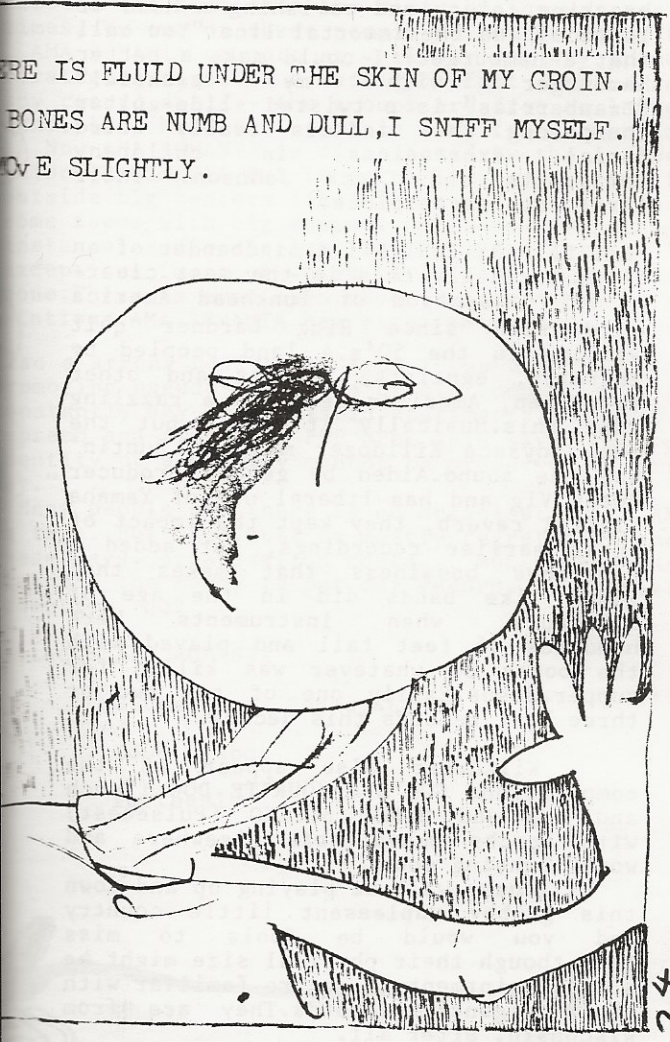
HIYA FOLKS! THE NAMES DONNY. I SPEND MY LIFE ACHING LIKE A SORE. MY MOIST BODY IS BRUISED AND SOFT , I AM A PINK SMEAR OF SKIN AND HAIR. I STINK LIKE NOTHING YOU'VE EVER KNOWN.



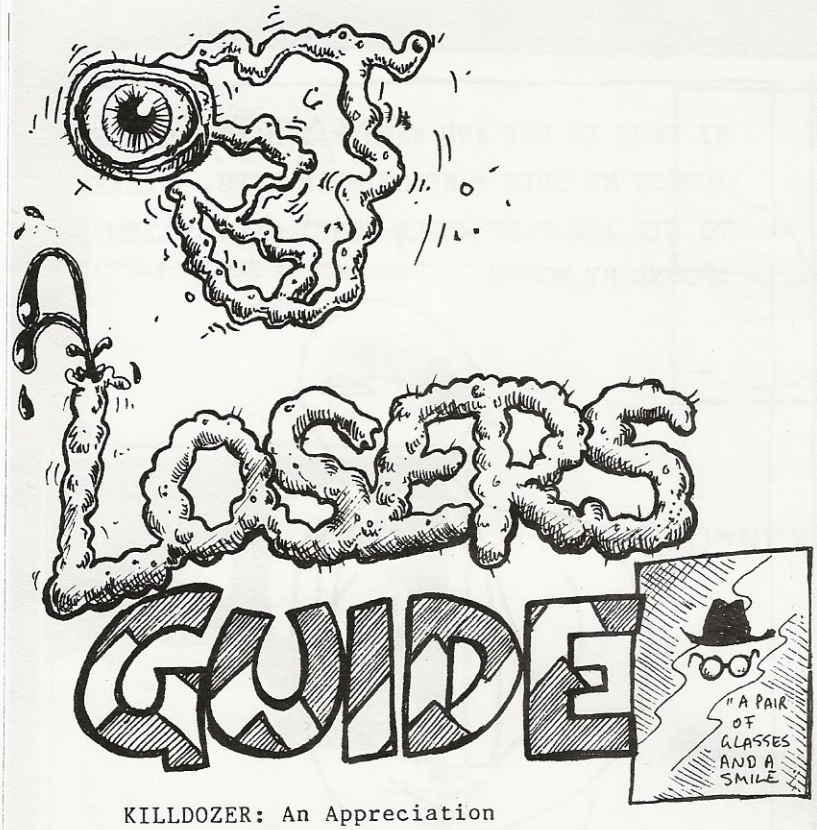
MY FACE IS DRY AND WARM + I HAVE SPITTLE ACROSS MY CHIN + MY CRIMSON LIPS. I LIKE TO SIT AND FART WHILE DIRTY SKIN COLLECTS AROUND MY MOUTH.



RE IS FLUID UNDER THE SKIN OF MY GROIN. BONES ARE NUMB AND DULL, I SNIFF MYSELF. OvE SLIGHTLY.



I'M PALE + GIDDY. I WET MYSELF. I TWITCH A LOT, BUT MOSTLY I GET MORE + MORE SATISFACTION.



KILLDOZER: An Appreciation

By Steve Albini
Third runner-up,Wally of the year 1988

Reid Fleming,World's Toughest Milkman (Now a Cable television installer) has an expression that comes to mind whenever I hear people talk about killdozer.

People -- in general,in abstract as a concept, as a species, and specifically those I have to contend with every godamn day -- are stupid motherfuckers. If it weren't for opposite thumbs this species would never have gotten beyond root and grub foraging. Opposite thumbs of course gave us the ability to hit each other on the head with clubs, make and drink beer, style our hair and otherwise make us unattractive to carnivores not at least as stupid as us. Thus we survived and duplicated our chromosomes, creating such horrible present-day apparitions as People Who Like Disco and Policeman.

These people I spoke of, owing to their stupidity (an admittedly inherited trait, something they have no control over and ought to be pitied for) often talk to one another within earshot of your reporter. I have heard such gems of contemporary thought as:"(the new REM album)Green is great.Very Stipe-y," "I wish Soft Cell were still around," "Not metal--more glam," "Guns and Roses are almost a punk band in a lot of ways," and "No,really,he had a dick like a can of hairspray."

Occasionally the conversation turns to Killdozer (even the stupid are not all deaf), with predictable results: "Tribal," "Birthday Party," "Sludge," "Crazy" By which time the top of my head is about to come off and Reid Flemming's resonant quote comes to mind: "I thought I told you to shut up." Punctuated with a half-drunk rootbeer bottle to the temple offender.

Killdozer is a thing unto itself.Although their first six months of existence had every song beginning with "American heads will roll in Texas," current Birthday Party influence is undetectable.Better comparisons could be made between killdozer and Crow, a midwestern satanic rock band from the sixties (who's "Evil Woman" has been covered by Black Sabbath and Killdozer in a tagteam with Chicago's urge overkill) or the first Blue Cheer album at half speed.

Soon come Killdozer records:For Ladies Only,a collection of 5 singles, all glorious rock cover versions in romantic photo portrait booklet,and Twelve Point Buck, masterful new songs weirder and denser than their entire previous opus.

Their previous output is(except for their debut,Intellectuals Are The Shoeshine Boys Of The Ruling Elite) available in blightey through the Southern studios distributing network, and a summary of of their grandeur follows.

SNAKEBOY:First full length lp,includes wondrous fiddle on "River" and a slower-than-molasses-in-January version of Neil Young's "Cinnamon Girl." The fine song "57" is not to be confused with an equally fine song called "57" by another midwest band,Man Sized Action.Killdozer's was named after the varieties of Heinz soups,Man Sized Action's was the 57th song they wrote.

BURL: 12-inch EP.Now this is where things get really weird. "Hamburger Martyr," which has the airplay-encouraging "F-Fuck You!" at the beginning and end, also has a dismemberment interlude (simulated by breaking celery and ravishing a head of lettuce) and the immortal line "You call that a hamburger? I could make a better hamburger with my asshole!" "Cranberries" is a twisted slide-guitar thumpalong that induces really weird facial expressions in children, immigrants and Clark Johnson. Their first true masterpiece.

LITTLE BABY BUNTIN': A mindbender of an album.Lyrically this is the most clear-headed dissection of lunkhead America I,ve seen since Ring Lardner quit writing in the 50's.A land peopled by ingrates, egotists, sadists and other sportsmen, American deserves a razzling like this.Musically it's aces,but the real advance Killdozer made on Buntin' was the sound.Aided by genius producer Butch Vig and has liberal use of Yamaha digital reverb, they kept the impact of their earlier recordings, but added a cavernous boominess that makes them sound like bands did in the age of dinosaurs, when instruments were hundreds of feet tall and played with the bones of whatever was killed for supper.Jesus.Easily one of the two or three best records this decade.

Killdozer also appear on the compilations GOD'S FAVOURITE DOG (Touch and Go) and MONDO STEREO (Pulsebest) with tracks unavailable elsewhere and worth hunting down.

Killdozer will be playing up and down this grubby unpleasant little country and you would be fools to miss them,though their physical size might be a disappointment if you're familiar with their gigantic records.They are from Wisconsin, after all.

Liz took a holiday in Portugal on her grand Blast First wage packet,this bit o' writting here was done by one of her Pals over there,seeing as SONIK YOUTH are really fucking huge in Portugal...She was going to write an accompanying bit but didn't get it together...Slow as a pope.Oh yeah,stay w/ it the English is a bit odd but what the fuck.

AMA ROMANTA - Spitting out miracles.

Ama Romanta is a Portuguese independent record label which started its activities in May 1986.Since then 16 records were put out in various formats.The majority of these recordings are by Portuguese musicians but last year the label released the second LP by French instrumentalists Pascal Comelade and is about to release "kiss ass Godhead",the last Membranes' album.

1986 was a milestone in the history of the Portuguese pop music.The compilation "Divergencias" was put out,giving almost 20 musicians and bands the opportunity to record in a studio.It was by that time very difficult for any new band to get a record deal;at the same time ,it was also impossible for most of them to pay for author editions,and to assure a proper distribution and promotion.Since then a lot changed and many of the groups featured in "Divergenecias" have now major record deals,others have significant cult followings,and there of course,those who split or were reformulated. "Divergenecias" was the first Ama Romanta edition,and for some people the most important record of the Portuguese 'new wave' music of the eighties.

The editoorial politics of Ama Romanta was always to give a wide range of musicians and music projects the chance to make the records they deserve.There was never an intention of establishing an editorial profile or to impose an image of whatever...After "Divergencias" the label has put out radical rock projects like POP DELL 'ARTE ou MAO MORTA; electronic contemporary music-by NUNO CANAVARRO,TELECTU or TOZE FERREIRA; free form jazz - SEI MIGUEL; rockabilly-CAES VADIOS;the elegant 'new wave' pop of MLER IFE DADA; the guitar,politically engaged, euro-pope of LINHA GERAL, and the modernist 'Fado' adventure of ANAMAR.

It is a long and very impressive list if we take into account the fact that the distribution was assured, at most times, by two or three people or by the bands themselves.

AMA ROMANTA cannoto as well pay for any promotional strategies.Also, as a matter of fact , there were never made any record deals - the groups are free to leave whenever they want, they have the right to seek for better conditions.

Now AMA ROMANTA is distributed by the independant-virtually-major TRANSMEDIA.But it is still very difficult to sell records outside big centers like Lisbon and Oporto; there are,however, some towns with big support nucleous- Aveiro and Braga, for instance. Radio airplay is ,if we forget some 'tasteful' exceptions (most of which in local or pirate radio stations), none.There is even open boycott in some shows and radio stations.AMA ROMANTA has received various encouragement but also a strong resistence from those who are still interested on promoting pseudo-newcomers or old innovators.Also it denies constantly any chauvinistic statements: as JOAO PESTE,the label supremo and singer of POP DELL'ARTE says, "the cultural identity of a country cannot be preserved, it is built day by day."

Many people say there is no organisation in AMA ROMANTA. It is true. But what must be mostly regreted is the fact that, these days, organisation costs... money. And AMA ROMANTA has scarcely the money to put out records... It deserves some attention, no?

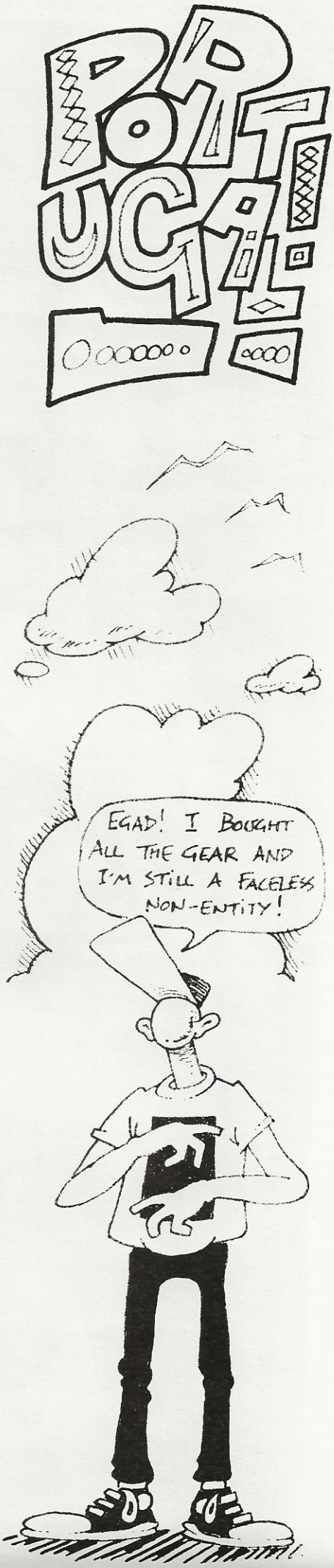
Contact: AMA ROMANTA

R.Coelho da Rocha,460Dto.

1000 Lisboa

Portugal

Rafael Gouveia



ERIC'S TRIP

I cant see anything, as far as I see, all I see is me
That's clear enough, that's whats important, to see me
My eyes can focus, my brain is talking, looks pretty good to me
My head's on straight, my girlfriend's beautiful, looks pretty good to me

Sometimes I speak, tonight there's nothing to say
Sometimes we freak, and laugh all day

Hold these pages up to the light
See the jacknife inside of the dream
A railroad runs through the record stores at night
Coming in for the deep freeze

Mary: a simple word, are you there in the country?
Yr eyes so full, yr head so tight, can't you hear me?
Remember our talk, that day on the phone?
I was the door, you were the station
With shatered glass and miles between us
We still flew away in the conversation

My cup is full, and I feel okay
The world is dull, but not today

She thinks she's a goddess
She says she talks to the spirits
I wonder if she can talk to herself
If she can bear to hear it

This is Eric's trip
We've all come to watch him slip
He's slipping all the way to Texas
This is Eric's trip

the sky is blue
the sky is the deepest purest clear blue i've ever seen
there's nothing more to it
and points on the globe are just...
points on the globe

I see with a glass eye, the pavement view
A shadow forming across fields rushing thru me to you
We tore down the world and put up four walls,
I breathe in the myth
I'm over the city, fucking the future, I'm high and inside yr kiss

We can't see clear, but what we see is alright
We make up what we cant hear, and then we sing all night

((RAINKING))

I've got a subway train, i've got a fire escape
I've got a corner dope dealer doesn't make me wait
We freeze imbeciles, we polish the gate

We simulate saturation overkill hardluck eyes
Move bottlerocket situations out to endless skies
We keep the amps on all the time

We radiate complicated understatment, kinda sick
Hunt daytime graveyards just to see what ticks
Wait for the subway, wait for a kick

Keep us coming over the satelite dish
Keep the tv on till wwe get our wish
Sure it's cocksure, hope it's not erasure

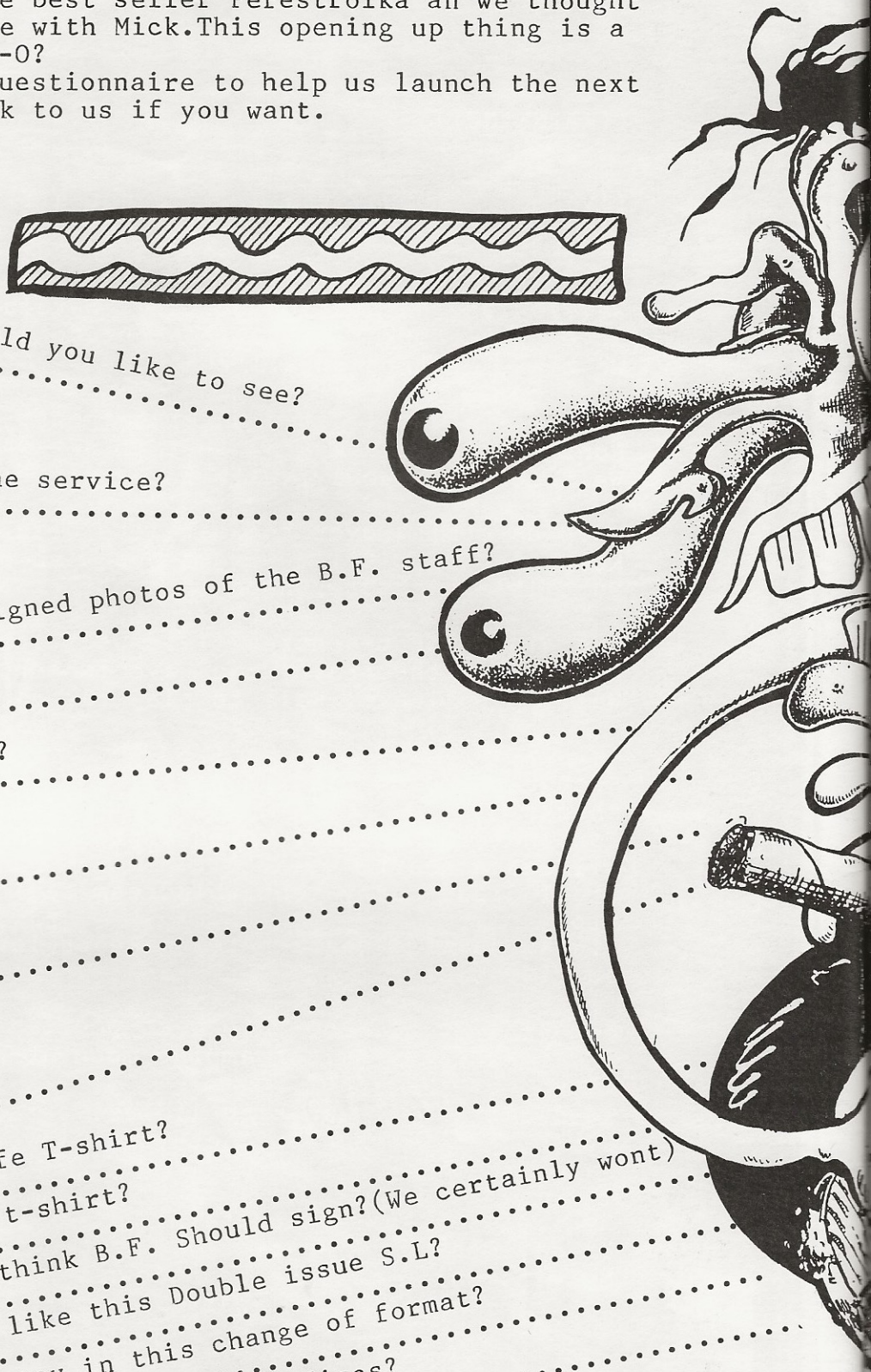
One night the peachtree field went insane
Since then the trainyards havent been the same
Wait up to leave, wait to play the game

Shotgun wedding ring phonecall rub-a dub-dub crow shocks
Fortunate ornamental rowboat presidential palmtree milkshake heart
Steel dream carny tent whipcream savior street white hot tip
Jigsaw jamming gears hotel make believing half-breed suicide fist

Rainking scattershot hip beat pontiac schoolyard fool
Ocean satelite guitar ampin' moon-at-night house city view
Headlight jetstream king lidless parachute secret jet
Sixth street crossfire jetstream involution break up safety net

My lips will be yr fountain
Yr daylight will spark
My mind calls out the countdown
[illegible] gets the spark

So,me and liz read the best seller Perestroika an we thought we'd get on the scene with Mick.This opening up thing is a good idea,right daddy-O?
Here's a sonik life questionnaire to help us launch the next Sputnik...Send it back to us if you want.



1) What T-shirts would you like to see?
.....

2) Are you happy w/ the service?
.....

3) Would you like signed photos of the B.F. staff?
.....

4)Age?
.....

5)Occupation(If any)?
.....

6)Sex?
.....

7)Fav' B.F. Band?
.....

8)Fav' B.F rec'?
.....

9)Fav' Sonik life T-shirt?
.....

10) Least fav' t-shirt?
.....

11)Who do you think B.F. Should sign?(We certainly wont)
.....

12)How do you like this Double issue S.L?
.....

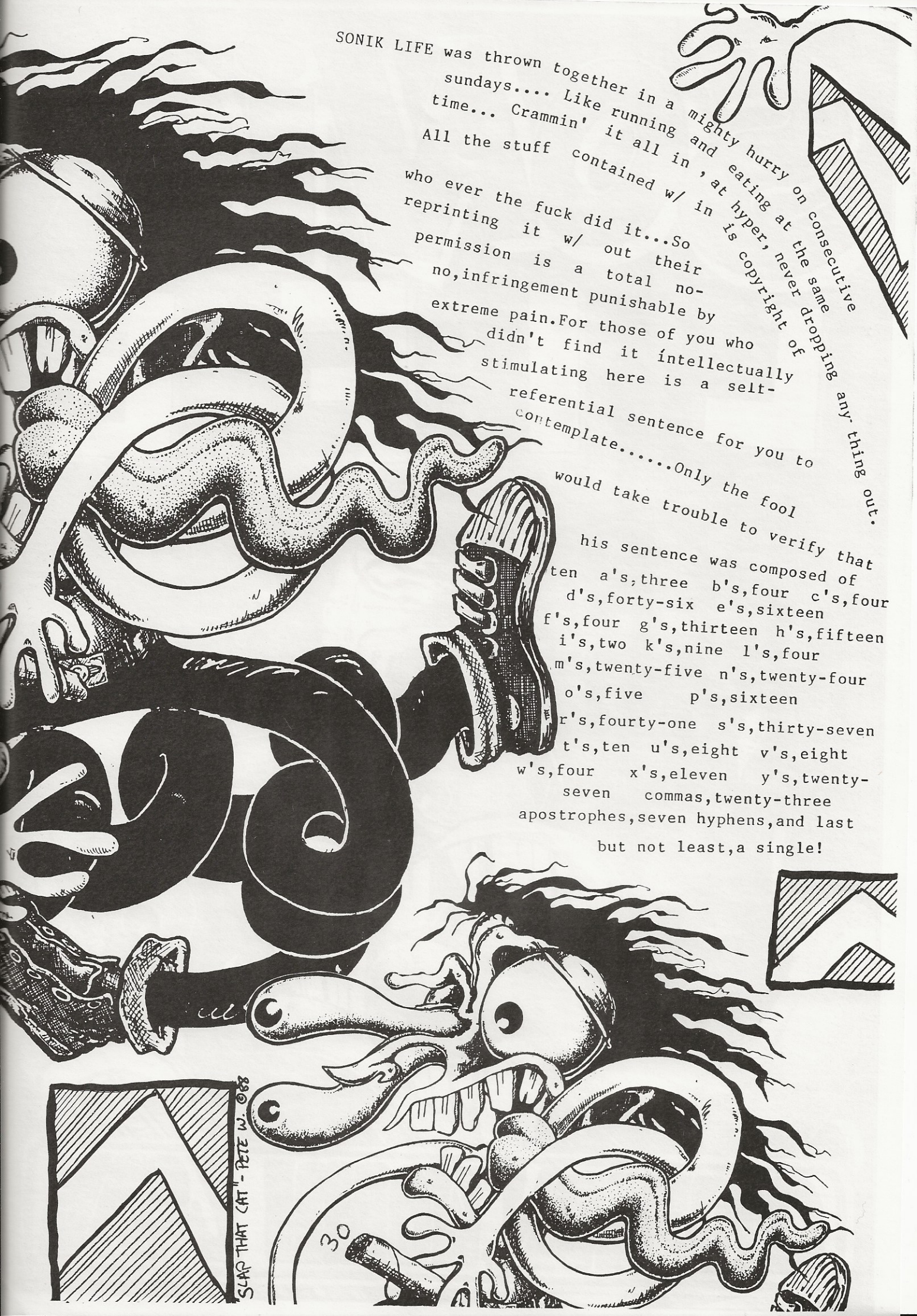
13)Should it stay in this change of format?
.....

14)Real rec's or back to flexi discs?
.....

15)Who do you want on the next S.L. rec'
.....

16) Any other comments?
.....
.....
.....

17) Guess Paul Smiths Age,and Middle name.
.....

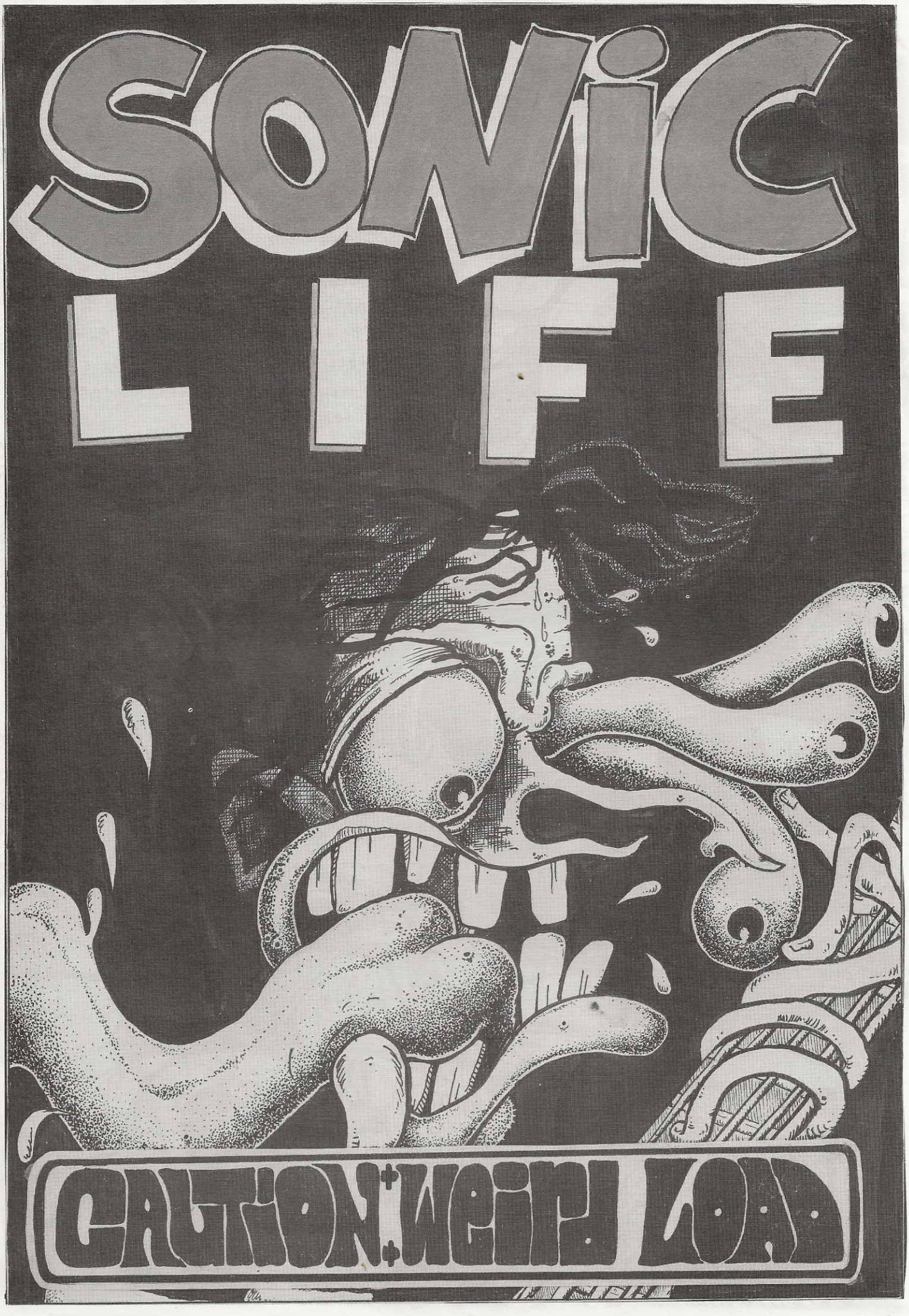


SONIK LIFE was thrown together in a mighty hurry on consecutive sundays.... Like running and eating at the same time... Crammin' it all in, at hyper, never dropping any thing out.

All the stuff contained w/ in is copyright of who ever the fuck did it...So reprinting it w/ out their permission is a total no-no, infringement punishable by extreme pain. For those of you who didn't find it intellectually stimulating here is a self-referential sentence for you to contemplate.....Only the fool would take trouble to verify that his sentence was composed of ten a's, three b's, four c's, four d's, forty-six e's, sixteen f's, four g's, thirteen h's, fifteen i's, two k's, nine l's, four m's, twenty-five n's, twenty-four o's, five p's, sixteen r's, fourty-one s's, thirty-seven t's, ten u's, eight v's, eight w's, four x's, eleven y's, twenty-seven commas, twenty-three apostrophes, seven hyphens, and last but not least, a single!

SLAP THAT CAT - PETE W. ©'88

SONIC LIFE



CAUTION: WEIRD LOAD